SPECIAL CHICAGO ILLUSTRATIONS, by Thulstrup and Graham; and "RANCH LIFE IN TEXAS," by Richard Harding Davis, with Illustrations by Remington. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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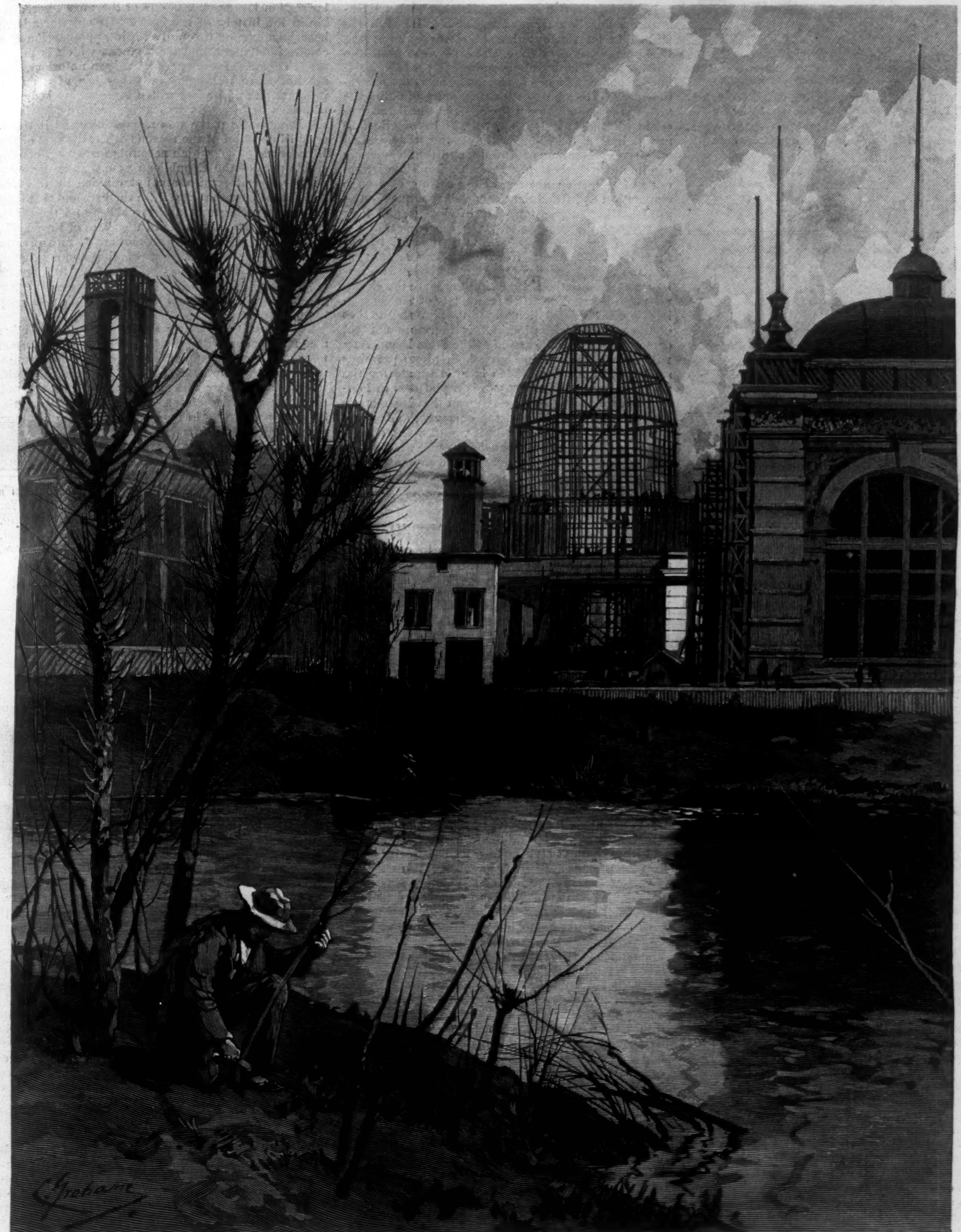

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE BUILDINGS FROM WOODED ISLAND.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 417.]

The Opening Chapters of Mary E. Wilkins's First Novel, JANE FIELD, Illustrated by W. T. Smedley, are given in

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR MAY.

Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE. With portraits and illustrations.

The German Army of To-day. By LIEUT.-COL. EXNER. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP.

The Dakotas. By JULIAN RALPH. With a Map.

The Private School for Girls. By ANNA C. BRACKETT.

From the Black Forest to the Black Sea. Part IV. By F. D. MILLET. Illustrated by ALFRED PARSONS and F. D. MILLET.

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Poems by W. D. HOWELLS, WILLIAM SHARP, CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, W. P. PREBLE, JUN., and JOHN B. TABB.

Editorial Departments. Conducted by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, and THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

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"THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD."

The third article in this important series—Constantinople, by PIERRE LOTI—*will be published in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STATE DEMOCRACY.

THE most interesting pending event in politics is the assembly of the Convention of the State Democracy at Syracuse on the 31st of May. The situation has greatly changed since the regular Democratic Convention on the 22d of February, at which the name of Mr. CLEVELAND was not mentioned. For some time afterward the probability of his nomination seemed to have disappeared. But at present his chances are apparently very fair. The most serious aspect of the situation for his party, however, is that while his nomination seems to offer the best prospect for the party elsewhere, it makes the result in New York doubtful; and yet the vote of New York will be probably indispensable for Democratic success. Undoubtedly the most intelligent and progressive Democratic sentiment in New York prefers Mr. CLEVELAND to any other candidate, but it is no less certain that there is a very strong Democratic hostility to him here, which will not bluster should he be nominated, but which will not aid his election. The State Democracy, although known to be devoted to Mr. CLEVELAND, repudiates the charge of proposing a bolt. But it is not doubted that it comprises many Democrats who would interpret his defeat in the Convention as a repudiation of his views as the real platform of his party, and who would consequently lose much interest in the result. The action of the State Democracy becomes, therefore, a question of great interest and importance.

Its Convention will be the most reputable body of Democrats that has assembled in the State for many years, and its platform will be designed undoubtedly to commend the Democratic party, as the leaders of the Convention wish the party to be, to the sympathy and support of independent voters who have no fondness for the name or the traditions of the party. The Convention will appoint delegates to Chicago who will present to that body a most perplexing question. As we understand the situation, the proposal of the State to the national Democracy will not be a defiance, but an appeal for judgment, by which it will abide. It will not deny the regularity of form in the New York Convention of February 22d, but it will urge that its election was vitiated by fraud, and therefore that its action does not represent the will of the party in the State. This allegation can be maintained, however, only by a series of detailed proofs, and if these fail to persuade the National Convention, the State Democracy, as we understand, will bow to its decision, and retire to support any nominations that may be made, and to accept the fraudulent action of the New York Convention. Yet it is hardly possible that the most ardent State Democrat expects that the National Convention will set aside, as vitiated by fraud in its origin, the action of a singularly unanimous State Convention, which by acclamation selected as its delegates at large the Governor of the State, the chairman of the State Committee, General SICKLES, and General SLOCUM, and as their alternates Messrs. MANTON MARBLE, JOHN BIGELOW, SIDNEY WEBSTER, and ALFRED C. CHAPIN. It may be assumed, we think, that the National Convention will not refuse seats to these delegates as virtually selected by fraud. Some kind of compromise or arrangement will be sought, and it will be probably that for which the Democratic Convention in 1848 furnished a precedent.

In that year there were a Hunker and a Barnburner delegation from New York. The Hunkers wished to let the question of slavery alone; the Barnburners wished to exclude slavery from the Territories. The Barnburners represented the intelligence and conscience of the party, and the Convention decided to admit both delegations, dividing the vote of the State between them. But the Barnburners had not promised not to bolt. They declined to accept half a loaf, and, withdrawing, they united with the Free-soilers at Buffalo, and the Democratic candidates were beaten. Probably the State Democrats of to-day do not regard the calling of a snap convention and fraudulent caucuses as a question so vital as that of the extension of slavery, and they may accept the compromise with the hope that the regular delegation may be finally induced by the force of circumstances to support Mr. CLEVELAND. But the violent party rupture in the State will perhaps not seem to the Convention to assure the electoral vote of New York if the candidate of the contesting New York delegation should be preferred to that of the regular delegation. It is therefore not yet demonstrated that the action of the State Democracy will secure the nomination which alone promises success for the party. This is unfortunate for the party, because Mr. CLEVELAND is a platform in himself. His nomination would mean that Democratic success would not imperil the currency, and would promote tariff reform; while it would foster reform in the civil service as much as Republican success. Failure to nominate him would mean that Democratic success did not signify such results, but was a leap in the dark.

AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

THE secret sessions of the Senate in considering appointments are not provided by the Constitution, nor are they coeval with its adoption. In his admirable paper read at the last annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, Mr. FOULKE of Indiana pointed out that the articles of confederation required Congress, which appointed all Federal civil and naval officers, to publish, "for the information of the people," a complete journal of its proceedings, excepting only such as relate to "treaties, alliances, and military operations which require secrecy." In the *Federalist* HAMILTON assumes that confirmations will be public, and contrasts the Senate with the secret Council of Appointment in New York, saying that "every such council will be a conclave in which cabal and intrigue will have their full scope." In 1811 the first rule requiring secrecy in the Senate was adopted, but it applied only to confidential communications from the President and treaties, and it was not until twenty years later, when, by the passage of the four years' term law, the whole public service became practically spoils, that the present system of secrecy was introduced.

One of the worst results of the system is the practical denial of the privilege to an accused officer of knowing his accuser, or of disproving charges. This accustoms Senators to a despotic action, which in their own case they would hold to be most unjust. The secrets of a secret session of importance are usually known. Somebody is sure to tell, and in many cases the hot trail of suspicion leads straight to some Senator. Officers of the Senate have been very seldom suspected. Nor is this surprising, because they would be naturally suspected, and therefore would be peculiarly careful not to disclose secrets. The late executive clerk, Mr. JAMES R. YOUNG, was recently removed by the Senate upon a charge of betraying his trust, and according to statements which are undenied his appeal for investigation was refused. It is a removal which is a disgrace, and which honorable men would certainly not have inflicted without conclusive evidence. Yet if the clerk demanded its production, why should it be refused, since it would at once remove from the Senate the stigma of injustice which now remains.

There is no doubt that the habit of removing honest and capable and efficient public officers without other reason than what is called the responsibility of the Executive, who asks the removal by nominating a successor, deadens the moral sensitiveness of the confirming power. Those who are accustomed to such proceedings as a matter of course will be very apt to regard the demand for investigation as an impertinence. We know nothing more of the case of Mr. YOUNG than the statements in the press. He may have been guilty of the offence alleged. But if the public had read in the papers that the case of Mr. YOUNG had been investigated at his request, and upon the evidence of his culpability he had been dismissed, it would not have felt that he had been unfairly treated. The newspaper correspondents by their standing committee will now probably inquire into the facts of the case. This they will do for the honor of their guild. But the Senate should have done it for the same reason.

THE LATE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

THE New York Legislature which ended its regular session last week was one of the most discreditable in the history of the State. Its chief acts have been jobs hurried through as if in apprehension of a coming judgment, and a judgment which is pretty sure to come. Its offences have been notorious, and are not more numerous only because of a public indignation and protest which even such a body did not dare to face. It was a Legislature for which the Democratic party was responsible, and it was a good illustration of the reasons of the distrust of the Democratic party, which accounts for a very considerable part of the Republican vote. It is undoubtedly true that parties are not divided by the line which separates the good from the bad, and that they are not opposing camps of the sheep and the goats. But it is equally true that in the State of New York, and as agencies for the promotion of measures in which the intelligent part of the community is deeply interested, such as ballot reform and license legislation and the whole range of wise and progressive reform, there is a decided choice between the parties.

Inevitably this feeling affects action upon other and national questions. An honest tariff reformer may well pause, and thousands of them do pause, when the condition of support of that reform is aiding the supremacy of Tammany Hall and the outrages of such a Legislature as lately adjourned. Ex-Secretary WHITNEY has probably no sense of humor, or he would have lingered to hear the laughter with which his late remark just before the adjournment of this precious Legislature was received. Certainly no more comical remark could have been made in a city of which Tammany Hall is master, and in a State of whose legislation RICHARD CROKER, for whom Mr. WHITNEY professes high respect, is king, than that of the ex-Secretary. "The party," he said, meaning the party that gave us the late Legislature, "is a live, active, aggressive party of reform, living for principle." On the whole, Mr. WHITNEY did wisely to sail for Europe immediately after making this remark. In Massachusetts or in Pennsylvania, where the party is not responsible for legislation, the view of Mr. WHITNEY may be justified. But in New York, and largely in its general representation this winter in Congress, it is not exactly a live, active, aggressive party of reform, and it does not live for any visible principle.

But how about Boss PLATT and Boss QUAY and Bosses CLARKSON and DUDLEY? Is that question an answer to the distrust which not only those who are not Democrats, but which wise Democrats themselves feel when their party gains a victory as in 1890? Does the question do more than state the fact that the situation is such an alternative as a Republican once described before an election: "It is a nasty alternative, and I hope we have done nasty work enough to win." As a practical choice at the election of this year, a voter may decide that upon the whole it is better to support the Democratic candidate. But it will certainly not be for such a reason as Mr. WHITNEY gives, that the Democratic party is a live, active, aggressive party of reform. In the State election last year, which resulted in the present Legislature and in the ascendency of Tammany Hall and Senator HILL, those voters seemed to us to be more sagacious who supported Mr. FASSETT as against Mr. FLOWER. But it was not because a Republican boss is superior as such to a Democratic boss, but that in the actual situation Mr. FASSETT's success promised most for good government. That is a view which the result has not changed, and the same question, whether, upon a fair survey of all the circumstances, it is Democratic or Republican success which promises more for good government, will determine the decisive vote this year.

SILVER IN THE SENATE.

IT is a very great mistake to suppose that the silver question can be bowed out of the campaign of this year, and for the simple reason that to a very large body of voters it is the most pressing issue. There was but one way of settling it, and that has not been adopted. Danger to the currency was apprehended only from the Democratic party, for notwithstanding the silver purchase bill of last year, there is no fear that Republican success might lead to mischievous tampering with the currency as a party policy. The situ-

ation was completely within the command of the Democratic party, and if it had defeated the BLAND bill the issue would have disappeared from the canvass.

But it did not. Even with Republican help, the Democratic minority barely succeeded in postponing the question until after the election. The result is that unless every Democratic candidate for Congress is sharply catechised, the voter who supports him as a tariff reformer may find that he is voting for free silver coinage. This doubt is one of the many and heavy burdens that the Democratic party will bear in the election of this year.

Indeed, it is hardly a doubt. The Democratic majority in the House is very largely a free silver body, and the vote the other day in the Senate on the KYLE amendment showed the Democratic view there. A bill was offered providing that certain interest should be paid semi-annually "in gold coin." Mr. KYLE, a Farmers' Alliance Senator, moved to amend by substituting the words "lawful money of the United States." Instant terror fell upon Democratic possible Presidential candidates. Mr. GORMAN fled; Mr. HILL dodged; Mr. PALMER and Mr. CARLISLE evaded by a pair. But they could not escape. A quorum did not vote, and upon another roll-call Mr. GORMAN was still fleeing; Mr. HILL voted aye; Mr. PALMER, whose pair had appeared, voted no; and Mr. CARLISLE still dodged behind his pair, not stating how he should vote. The amendment substituting "lawful money" for "gold" was adopted by 28 yeas to 24 nays. Of the yeas, 20 were Democrats and 8 Republicans; of the 24 nays, 22 were Republicans and 2 Democrats. Silence and smiles and shrugs will hardly be able to keep the currency out of the canvass.

THE LAST BLOW.

THE Democratic Legislature of New York, which began by "stealing the Senate," ended by providing for "stealing" the Presidential vote of the State this year, so far as the theft can be accomplished in the city. The method adopted is the change of the present system, which allows the Republican party an equal number of election district inspectors—a change which puts the entire control of the election in the hands of Tammany Hall. The Tammany boss, RICHARD CROKER, in a letter written just before the adjournment, said that the Democrats would cheerfully support a law providing for four inspectors of elections at all election districts in the State, including the city. He holds that the present law is not a good one, but as a bad law is in operation in the rest of the State, the city of New York, he thinks, should not be deprived of its share of the evil.

The rule undoubtedly should be uniform. It is as easy to have four inspectors, two from each party, in rural districts as in city districts. If it be desirable for fair play and honest elections to secure such equality, it is desirable everywhere. But if by good fortune, in a region of such doubtful electoral honesty as the city of New York, that equality is secured, why should it be destroyed here, even if it cannot be introduced elsewhere? Instead of proposing to destroy it here, why did not Tammany require its Legislature to introduce it in the rest of the State? The reason is evident. Not only is the situation not the same in the rural districts in methods of appointment, etc., but the three inspectors, securing a complete Tammany ascendency in the city, are desired by Tammany to confirm its ability to control the general result in the city.

The experience of this winter has demonstrated more clearly than ever, if it were possible, that the only chance for honesty in any branch of administration in the city lies in the union of all good citizens against Tammany Hall. If Democrats and Republicans do not disregard party wholly in their action for municipal administration, Tammany will remain supreme. The great advantage of the new City Club is that it prevents the waste of all the energy and time and money which are put into the impromptu efforts to deal with Tammany Hall. Even in the event of defeat, all these resources will not be scattered, but will remain for a renewed effort. A still greater advantage will be the weakening of party idolatry, which must necessarily follow the cordial co-operation of men of different parties to promote honest non-partisan public administration. Just in the degree that the spirit from which the club springs extends, a wholesome political independence will be stimulated.

THE SEMICENTENARY OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

ONE of the most interesting of musical anniversaries in this community was the late semicentenary of the New York Philharmonic Society. The career of that society covers the entire period of the extraordinary musical development of the city and of the country. There had, indeed, been unusual events of great interest before the Philharmonic concerts began. Symphonies of BEETHOVEN had been played at the old City Hotel, and MALIBRAN had sung at the Park Theatre, and OLE BULL and VIEUXTEMPS appeared almost simultaneously with the beginning of the Philharmonic. Older memories will recall other artists who tried their fortunes in the New World—CINTI DAMOREAU, KNOOP, ARTOT, THALBERG.

But these were happy chances and ventures. The organization of the Philharmonic Society marks the beginning of the continuous course of musical growth and education in New York. Every year at a half-dozen concerts, more or less, the great works of the great composers were performed, and music as an art, a science, a power, and not merely a pleasant pastime, began to be a part of the city life. The work was largely due to the German taste and population. The musicians were in great part Germans, and the audience was probably half German. Probably the Philharmonic was the chief force in the formation of the taste which now rewards so amply the best musical artists, and which has inspired the production of the chief modern music.

To the old New-Yorker of musical tastes the semicentenary recalls delightful reminiscences. Through a far-reaching vista he sees a throng of the famous virtuosos and hears the blending strains of the finest music. It is no less a perspective of other personal associations, of the older and smaller city, of a life which has vanished. But the society, with even pace, has advanced with the advancing town, and was never more flourishing than it is now. New York has become one of the capitals of music, and in the affluence of musical opportunity which surrounds the New-Yorker to-day, the Philharmonic may see the harvest of the seed which fifty years ago it began to sow.

TO ALL PUBLIC OFFICERS.

CIVIL Service Commissioner ROOSEVELT, at a late Republican dinner in Boston, said something which every Republican office-holder may wisely heed. Mr. ROOSEVELT is a man of his word, and his course has shown that in this matter he means exactly what he says.

"Next fall I intend to do all that in me lies to prevent the collection of political assessments, by no matter what party, in Washington; and I intend publicly to attack and to interfere in every way with any person and any committee that may be engaged, directly or indirectly, in levying such assessments in violation of law. The law in relation to these assessments amply suffices to protect all clerks who refuse to contribute, and I intend to see that all the clerks understand this entirely, and that they shall be made to feel that if they are solicited in any unlawful way by any one, no matter how high in standing, I shall try to have that man indicted; and that if their places are imperilled in the slightest degree by any public officer for failing to contribute, I shall try to have that officer not only indicted but dismissed. There is no meaner species of petty swindle than the attempt to blackmail poor, hard-working government officials out of a percentage of their earnings under the guise of collecting voluntary political contributions."

THE AUCHMUTY TRADE SCHOOLS.

THE munificent gift of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN to the trade schools founded and maintained by Colonel AUCHMUTY is an event of public importance. It is an illustration not only of a liberality which is almost characteristically American, but of a wise discrimination, which is much less common. Colonel AUCHMUTY founded the trade schools to give a fair chance to young Americans which existing rules and customs of trade-training largely deny. His purpose was to teach how the necessary work of the usual trades should be done, and to train the pupils thoroughly to do it.

The trades taught in the schools are plumbing, brick-laying, plastering, stone-cutting, painting, carpentry, and blacksmithing. There are day and evening classes, so that young men may be pursuing their higher trade education at the same time that they are supporting themselves by their work. The schools began ten years ago with thirty pupils. This year there were more than six hundred, of whom five hundred and twenty-one graduated; and during the ten years nearly thirty-seven hundred young men have been trained in the schools as thoroughly competent and accomplished mechanics.

The extraordinary success of this admirable and truly patriotic enterprise is due to Colonel AUCHMUTY. His singular clearness of perception, his sagacity in the selection of teachers, his administrative ability, with his faith and courage and patience, have not only replenished the ranks of the best mechanics in the country, but they have won the entire confidence of one of the most sagacious and prosperous of business men, who links his name to that of the founder of the schools by his munificent aid in perpetuating them. "This splendid gift of Mr. MORGAN," said Colonel AUCHMUTY in announcing it at the closing exercises of the school, "is given not only that more trades may be taught, but that these schools may be continued when my working days are over."

EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

WHEN the New York Assembly, by a vote of 70 to 34, passed a bill authorizing all adult women to vote for all State officers, the incident attracted little attention, and the announcement was received with a smile. Yet it would have been by far the most important act of this Legislature, or of any State Legislature for many a day, if the bill had become law, or if, to speak plainly, the seventy affirmative voters had all supposed that it would become law. If, without much debate and to the surprise of the whole State, the number of voters had been suddenly doubled, there would have been universal exclamation and comment.

The indifference with which the news was received was due to the general belief that the Senate would throw the bill out if it should go so far as to reach the Senate. Yet the bill will one day become more serious. The Legislature recently passed a law authorizing women to vote for school officers in the rural counties, and the Governor signed it upon the assurance of his counsel that it was not unconstitutional. The Constitution of New York empowers male citizens, under certain conditions, to vote. But the contention of the friends of equal suffrage is that "provisions in the State Constitutions which guarantee suffrage to certain classes of persons, notably men, are not grants of the power to vote, but merely restrictions on the power of Legislatures to forbid the exercise of suffrage."

The argument that voting is a natural right, however, is a dangerous basis of the claim of suffrage, because, if the community may restrict the right at all in the interest of the community, it may restrict the right to the degree which it thinks necessary to secure that interest. A law providing for equal suffrage will be passed whenever the present electorate is convinced that such a law is desirable for the common welfare. The common remark that women will vote whenever they prove that they wish to vote is foolish, because that can never be done. They will vote whenever men think that the common interest will be promoted by their voting. It cannot be assumed that a majority of the late Legislature, however courteous to women, were of that opinion.

PERSONAL.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, who has recently been elected to a seat in the British Parliament, is so much a "chip of the old block" that in addition to his inheritance of the physical and facial peculiarities of his distinguished father—such as his pug nose—he affects the mannerisms that have made the noted Liberal leader so striking a figure for the caricaturists. It is said that a listener with his eyes shut would find it difficult to determine whether the elder or the younger CHAMBERLAIN was speaking. Young Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is twenty-nine years old. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself as a debater at the Union, and he has an impressive way of speaking that lends great weight to his oratory. He is in many respects the most promising of the sons of famous fathers in England.

—AUGUSTUS ALLEN HAYES, Jun., whose death occurred in Paris last week, will be remembered as the writer of several strikingly original stories, chiefly of the West, which appeared in HARPER'S periodicals a few years ago. Mr. HAYES was born and educated in Boston. While still young he spent several years in China, and afterwards lived for a time in the far West, where the materials for his best literary work were gathered. Besides stories, he contributed to HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY numerous descriptive sketches, which received much favorable attention on account of their freshness and the fascinating style in which they were written. He was also the author of a singularly attractive book, *New Colorado and the Santa Fe Trail*, published by HARPER BROTHERS, and of a novel entitled *The Jesuit's Ring*. Mr. HAYES was a Fellow of the American Geographical Society and of the Royal Geographical Society of London, and for several years preceding his death resided in Paris.

—FRANK L. COOMBS, who succeeds the late JOHN F. SWIFT as United States Minister to Japan, is another of the fortunate young men whom President HARRISON has honored with appointments to important posts in the diplomatic service. Mr. COOMBS is a lawyer at Napa, California, and is thirty-six years old. He was elected District Attorney of Napa County when only twenty-four, and at the conclusion

of his term of office was re-elected. In 1886 the Republicans nominated him for the Assembly, and though the district is strongly Democratic, he carried it by a handsome majority. He was returned to the Legislature in 1888, and again in 1890, when he was chosen Speaker. Mr. COOMBS is regarded as one of the ablest party leaders in California, and outside of the State he is well known among breeders of fine stock for his interest in thoroughbred horseflesh.

—One of the most youthful city magistrates in the country is Mr. M. B. EXCELL, who has just been inaugurated Mayor of Alliance, Ohio. He is a young newspaper man, twenty-three years old, and was graduated from the local high-school only four years ago. Alliance ordinarily elects a Republican ticket by a margin of from 400 to 700 votes, but although Mr. EXCELL is a Democrat, he was able to defeat his opponent by a majority of 202. His success was due not more to his personal popularity than to a belief in his fitness for the place.

—Within a year General SCHOFIELD will have reached the age of retirement from active military service, for he is now sixty-three; and a few months later General O. O. HOWARD will be eligible for the retired list. NELSON A. MILES, the other of the Major-Generals commanding Uncle Sam's army, has still some years of service before him; but with the retirement of SCHOFIELD and HOWARD there will not be left in the army an officer who commanded a corps during the war of the rebellion.

—There is reported to be an increasing demand for bicycles among Congressmen, and it is becoming a not infrequent sight to see well-known members of the House spinning along the avenues of Washington on wheels. Representative JOHNSON, of Cleveland, is said to have set the style, and in company with Representative WASHINGTON, of Tennessee, he makes brief tours of the suburbs of the capital. The amazing growth of the bicycle habit is one of the most interesting features of nineteenth-century progress. The time may not be far distant when Cabinet officers and Chief Justices may be seen wheeling to the White House or Supreme Court in most democratic simplicity.

—Senator BLACKBURN is commonly credited with being the readiest of Congressional speakers. He carries at his tongue's end a vocabulary that is remarkable for its range and copiousness, and his most forcible speeches have been delivered on the spur of the moment. A notable instance of this was his famous reply to Senator INGALLS two years ago. Immediately after the conclusion of Mr. INGALLS'S speech, Mr. BLACKBURN rose in his seat, and without a moment's hesitation or the use of any notes, answered the Kansas Senator in an oration that, from its unpremeditated vigor and fluency, astonished even those most familiar with his gift of extemporaneous speaking. In the House Mr. RAYNER, of Maryland, is said to be pre-eminent for fluency of speech.

V.—RANCH LIFE IN TEXAS.

THE inhabited part of a ranch, that part of it on which the people who own it live, bears about the same proportion to the rest of the ranch as a light-house does to the ocean around it.

And to an Eastern man it appears about as lonely. Some light-houses are isolated in the ocean, some stand in bays,

A SHATTERED IDOL.

A PITCHING BRONCHO.

and some in harbors; and in the same proportion the ranches in Texas differ in size, from principalities to farms no larger than those around Jersey City. The simile is not altogether exact, as there are small bodies of men constantly leaving the "ranch-house" and wandering about over the range, sleeping wherever night catches them, and in this way different parts of the ranch are inhabited as well as the ranch-house itself. It is as if the light-house-keeper sent out a great number of row-boats to look after the floating buoys or to catch fish, and the men in those boats anchored whenever it grew dark, and returned to the light-house variously as best suited their convenience or their previous orders.

But the loneliness of the life is what will most certainly first impress the visitor from closely built blocks of houses. Those who live on the ranches will tell you that they do not find it lonely, and that they grow so fond of the great breezy pastures about them that they become independent of the rest of mankind, and a trip to the city once a year to go to the play and to "shop" is all they ask from the big world lying outside of the barb-wire fences. I am speaking now of those ranch-owners only who live on the range, and not of those who hire a foreman, and spend their time and money in the San Antonio Club. They are no more ranchmen than the absentee landlord who lives in his London house is a gentleman farmer.

The largest ranch in the United States, and probably in the world, owned by one person is in Texas, and belongs to Mrs. Richard King, the widow of Captain Richard King. It lies forty-five miles south of Corpus Christi.

The ladies who come to call on Mrs. King drive from her front gate, over as good a road as any in Central Park, for ten miles before they arrive at her front door, and the butcher and baker and iceman, if such existed, would have to drive thirty miles from the back gate before they reached her kitchen. This ranch is bounded by the Corpus Christi Bay for forty miles, and by barb-wire for three hundred miles more. It covers 700,000 acres in extent, and 100,000 head of cattle and 3000 broodmares wander over its different pastures.

This property is under the ruling of Robert J. Kleberg, Mrs. King's son-in-law, and he has under him a superintendent, or, as the Mexicans call one who holds that office, a major-domo, which is an unusual position for a major-domo, as this major-domo has the charge of 300 cowboys and 1200 ponies reserved for their use. The "Widow's" ranch, as the people about call it, is as carefully organized and moves on as conservative business principles as a bank. The cowboys do not ride over its range with both legs at right angles to the saddle and shooting joyfully into the air with both guns at once. Neither do they offer the casual visitor a bucking pony to ride, and then roll around on the prairie with glee when he is shot up into the air and comes down on his collar-bone; they are more likely to offer him as fine a Kentucky thoroughbred as ever wore a blue ribbon around the Madison Square Garden; and neither do they shoot at his feet to see if he can dance. In this way the Eastern man is constantly finding his dearest illusions abruptly dispelled. It is also trying when the cowboys stand up and take off their sombreros when one is leaving their camp. There are cowboys and cowboys, and I am speaking now of those I saw on the King ranch.

The thing that the wise man from the East cannot at first understand is how the 100,000 head of cattle wandering at large over the range are ever collected together. He sees a dozen or more steers here, a bunch of horses there, and a single steer or two a mile off, and even as he looks at them they disappear in the brush, and as far as his chance of finding them again would be, they might as well stand forty miles away at the other end of the ranch. But this is a very simple problem to the ranchman.

Mr. Kleberg, for instance, receives an order from a firm in Chicago calling for 1000 head of cattle. The breed of cattle the firm wants is grazing in a corner of the range fenced in by barb-wire, and marked pale blue for convenience on a beautiful map blocked out in colors, like a patch-work quilt, which hangs in Mr. Kleberg's office. When

FIXING A BREAK IN THE WIRE FENCE.

REACTION EQUALS ACTION.

the order is received, he sends a Mexican on a pony to tell the men near that particular pale blue pasture to round up 1000 head of cattle, and at the same time directs his superintendent to send in a few days as many cowboys to that pasture as are needed to "hold" 1000 head of cattle on the way to the railroad station. The boys on the pasture, which we will suppose is ten miles square, will take ten of their number and five extra ponies apiece, which one man leads, and from one to another of which they shift their saddles as men do in polo, and go directly to the water-tanks in the ten square miles of land. A cow will not often wander more than two and a half miles from water, and so, with the water-tank, which on the King ranch may be either a well with a wind-mill or a dammed cañon full of rain-water, as a rendezvous, the finding of the cattle is comparatively easy, and ten men can round up 1000 head in a day or two. When they have them all together, the cowboys who are to drive them to the station have arrived, and take them off.

At the station the agent of the Chicago firm and the agent of the King ranch ride through the herd together, and if they disagree as to the fitness of any one or more of the cattle, an outsider is called in, and his decision is final. The cattle are then driven on to the cars, and Mr. Kleberg's responsibility is at an end.

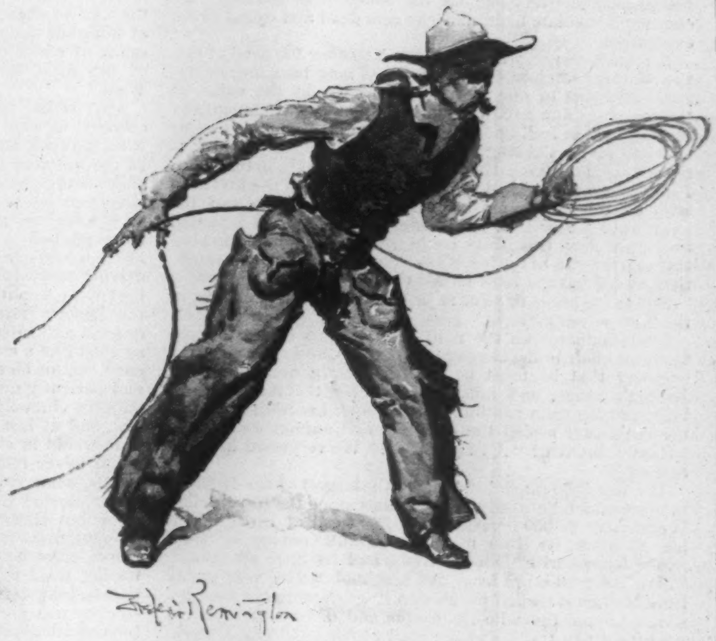
In the spring there is a general rounding up, and thousands and thousands of steers are brought in from the different pastures, and those for which contracts have been made during the winter are shipped off to the markets, and the calves are branded.

Texas is the great breeding State from which the cattle are sent north to the better pasture-land of Kansas, Montana, and Wyoming Territory, to be fattened up for the markets. The breeding goes on throughout the year, five bulls being pastured with every 300 cows, in pastures of from 1000 to 10,000 acres in extent. About 90 per cent. of the cows calve, and the branding of these calves is one of the most important duties of the spring work. They are driven into a pen through a wooden chute, and as they leave the chute are caught by the legs and thrown over on the side, and one of a dozen hot irons burning in an open fire is pressed against the flank, and on the King ranch on the nose.

An animal bearing one of the rough hallmarks of the ranchman is more respected than a dog with a silver collar around his neck, and the number of brands now registered in the State capital runs up to the thousands. On some ranches each of the family has his or her especial brand, and one young girl who came out in New York last winter is known throughout lower Texas only as "the owner of the Triangle brand," and is much respected in consequence, as it is borne by thousands of wandering cattle. The separating of the cattle at the spring round-up is accomplished on the King ranch by means of a culling pen, a somewhat ingenious trap at the end of a chute. One end of this chute opens on the prairie, and the other runs into four different pens guarded by a swinging gate, so hung that by a movement of the foot by the man sitting over the gate the chute can be extended into any one of the four pens. With this, mules, steers, horses, and ponies can be fed into the chute together, and each arrive in his proper pen until the number for which the different orders call is filled.

It is rather difficult to imagine one solitary family occupying a territory larger than some of the Eastern States—an area of territory that would in the East support a State capital, with a Governor and a Legislature, and numerous small towns, with competing railroad systems and rival baseball nines. And all that may be said of this side of the question of ranch life is that when one is within Mrs. King's house one would imagine it was one of twenty others touching shoulder to shoulder on Madison Avenue, and that the distant cry of the coyotes at night is all that tells one the hansoms are not rushing up and down before the door.

In the summer this ranch is covered with



SNAPPING A ROPE ON A HORSE'S FOOT.

GATHERING THE ROPE.

THE RANCH-HOUSE ON THE KING RANCH, THE LARGEST RANGE OWNED BY ONE INDIVIDUAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

green, and little yellow and pink flowers carpet the range for miles. It is at its best then, and is as varied and beautiful in its changes as the ocean.

The ranches that stretch along and away from the Rio Grande River are very different from this; they are owned by Mexicans, and every one on the ranch is a Mexican; the country is desolate here, and one sees dead and dying cattle everywhere.

No ranch-owner, whether he has 50,000 or 500 head of cattle, will ever attempt to help one that may be ailing or dying. It seems to one who has been taught the value of "three acres and a cow" the height of extravagance, and to show lack of feeling. But they will all tell you it is useless to try to save a starving or a sick animal, and also that it is not worth the trouble, there are so many more. In one place I saw where a horse had fallen on the trail, and the first man who passed had driven around it, and the next, and the next, until a new trail was made, and at the time I passed over this new trail, one could see the old one showing through the ribs of the horse's skeleton. In the East, I think, they would have at least pulled the horse out of the road.

But a live horse or steer is just as valuable in Texas as in the East—even more so.

The conductor on the road from Corpus Christi sprang from his chair in the baggage car one day, and shouted to the engineer that he must be careful, for we were on Major Fenton's range, and must look out for the major's prize bull; and the train continued at half-speed accordingly until the conductor espied the distinguished animal well to the left, and shouted: "All right, Bill! We've passed him; let her out."

The Randado ranch is typical of the largest of the Mexican ranches which lie within the 500 miles along the Rio Grande. It embraces 80,000 acres, with 25,000 head of cattle, and it has its store, its little mission, its tank, twenty or more adobe houses with thatched roofs, and its little graveyard. There is a post-office here, and a school, where very pretty little Mexicans recited proudly in English words of four letters. Around them lie the cactus and dense chaparral cut up with dusty trails, and the mail comes but twice a week. But every Saturday the vaqueros come in from the range, and there is dancing on the bare clay floor of one of the huts, and the schoolmaster-postmaster sings to them every evening on his guitar, and once a month the priest comes on horseback to celebrate mass in the adobe mission.

Around San Antonio are many ranches. These are more like large farms, and there are high trees and hills and a wonderful variety of flowers. There are also antelope and wild-fowl for those who love to hunt, and the scalp of a coyote brings fifty cents to those who care for money; for the coyotes pull down the young calves. The life on the range is not at all lonely here, for the women on the ranch do not mind riding in twelve miles to a dance in San Antonio, and there are always people coming out from town to remain a day or two. The more successful of these ranches are like English country houses in their free hospitality and in the constant changing of the guests.

Many of those about San Antonio are owned, in fact, by Englishmen, although a record of the failures of the English colonists of good family and of well-known youths from New York would make a book, and a very sad one. There was a whole colony of English families and unattached younger sons at Boerne, just outside of San Antonio, a few years ago; but they preferred cutting to leg to cutting out cattle, and used the ponies to chase polo balls, and their money soon went, and they followed it, some to England as prodigal sons, some to driving hacks and dealing faro, and others into the army. A few succeeded, and are still at Boerne, notably a cousin of Thomas Hughes, who founded the ill-fated English colony of Rugby, in Tennessee.

Of the New York men who came on to San Antonio, the two Jacob boys are more frequently and more heartily spoken of by the Texans than almost any other Eastern men who have been there. They did not, as the others so often do, hire a foreman, and spend their days in the San Antonio Club, but rode the ranch themselves, and could cut out and brand and rope with any of those born on a range. Their ranch, the Santa Marta, still flourishes, although they have become absentee landlords, and have given up chasing wild steers in Texas in favor of the foxes at Rockaway.

A ranch which marks the exception in the rule of failures of our English cousins is that of Alfred Giles in Kendal and Kerr counties. It covers about 13,000 acres, and a very fine stock of polled Angus cattle is bred on it. Indeed, the tendency all over Texas at present is to cultivate certain well-known breeds, and not, as formerly, to be content with the famous long-horned steer and the Texan pony. Mr. Giles's ranch, the Hillingdon, looks in the summer, when the imported Scotch cattle are grazing over it, like a bit out of the Lake country. Walnut, cherry, ash, and oak grow on this ranch, and the maidenhair-fern is everywhere, and the flowers are boundless in profusion and variety.

The coming of the barb-wire fence and the railroad killed the cowboy as a picturesque element of recklessness and lawlessness in southwest Texas. It suppressed him and localized him and limited him to his own range, and made his revolver an ornament merely. Before the barb-wire fence appeared, the cattle wandered from one range to another, and the man of 15,000 acres would overstock, knowing that when his cattle could not find enough pasturage on his range they would move over to the range of his more prosperous neighbor. Consequently when the men who could afford it began to fence their ranges, the smaller owners who had overbred saw that their cattle would starve, and so cut the fences in order to get back to the pastures which they had used for so long. This and the shutting off of water-tanks and of long-used trails brought on the barb-wire-fence wars, which raged long and fiercely between the cowboys and fence-men of rival ranches and the Texas Rangers. The barb-wire fences did more than this, they shut off the great trails that stretched from Corpus Christi through the Pan Handle of Texas, and on up through New Mexico and Colorado and through the Indian Territory to Dodge City. The coming of the railroad also made this trailing of cattle to the markets superfluous, and almost destroyed one of the most remarkable features of the West. This trail was not, of course, an actual trail, and marked as such, but a general driveway forty miles wide and thousands of miles long. The herds of cattle that were driven over it numbered from 300 to 3000 head, and were moving constantly from the early spring to the late fall.

No caravan route in the far Eastern countries can equal this six months' journey through three different States, and through all changes of weather and climate, and in the face of constant danger and anxiety. This procession of thousands of cattle on their slow march to the North was one of the most interesting and distinctive features of the West.

An "outfit" for this expedition would consist of as many cowboys as were needed to hold the herd together, a wagon, with the cook and the tents, and extra ponies for the riders. In the morning the camp wagon pushed on ahead to a suitable resting-place for the night, and when the herd arrived later, moving, on an average, fifteen miles a day, and grazing as it went, the men would find the supper ready and the tents pitched. And then those who were to watch that night would circle slowly around the great army of cattle, driving them in closer and closer together, and singing as they rode, to put them to sleep. This seems an absurdity to the Eastern mind, but the sound of something familiar quieted and satisfied these great stupid animals that can be soothed like a child with a nursery rhyme, and when frightened cannot be stopped by a river. The boys rode slowly and patiently until one and then another of the herd would stumble clumsily to the ground, and others near would follow, and at last the whole great herd would lie silent and immovable in sleep. But the watchfulness of the sentries could never relax. Some chance noise—the shaking of a saddle, some cry of a wild animal, or the scent of distant water carried by a chance breeze across the prairie, or nothing but sheer blind wantonness—would start one of the sleeping mass to his feet with a snort, and in an instant the whole great herd would go tearing madly over the prairie, tossing their horns and bellowing, and filled with a wild unreasoning terror. And then the skill and daring of the cowboy was put to their severest test, as he saw his master's income disappearing towards a cañon or a river, or to lose itself in the brush. And the cowboy who tried to head off and drive back this galloping army of frantic animals had to ride a race that meant his life if his horse made a misstep; and as the horse's feet often did slip, there would be found in the morning somewhere in the trail of the stampeding cattle a horrid mass of blood and flesh and leather.

Do you wonder, then, that after this half-year of weary, restless riding by day, and sleepless anxiety and watching under the stars by night, when the lights of Dodge City showed across the prairie, the cowboy kicked his feet out of his stirrups, drove the blood out of the pony's sides, and "came in to town" with both guns going at once, and yelling as though the pent-up speech of the past six months of loneliness was striving for proper utterance?

The cowboy cannot be overestimated as a picturesque figure; all that has been written about him and all the illustrations that have been made of him fail to familiarize him, and to spoil the picture he makes when one sees him for the first time racing across a range outlined against the sky, with his handkerchief flying out behind, his sombrero bent back by the wind, and his gauntlets and broad leather leggings showing above and at the side of his galloping pony. And his deep seat in the saddle, with his legs hanging straight to the long stirrups, the movement of his body as it sways and bends, and his utter unconsciousness of the animal beneath him, would make a German riding-master, an English jockey, or the best cross-country rider of a Long Island hunting-club shake his head in envy and despair.

He is a fantastic-looking individual, and one suspects he wears the strange garments he affects because he knows they are most becoming. But there is a reason for each of the different parts of his apparel, in spite of rather than on account of their picturesqueness. The sombrero shades his face from the rain and sun, the rattlesnake-skin around it keeps it on his head, the broad kerchief that he wears knotted around his throat protects his neck from the heat, and the leather leggings which cover the front of his legs protect them from the cactus in Texas, and in the North, where the fur and hair are left on the leather, from the sleet and rain as he rides against them. The gauntlets certainly seem too military for such rough service, but any one who has had a sheet rope run through his hands can imagine how a lasso cuts when a wild horse is pulling on the other end of it. His cartridge-belt and his revolver are on some ranches superfluous, but cattle-men say they have found that on those days when they took this toy away from their boys, they sulked and fretted and went about their work half-heartedly, so that they believe it pays better to humor them, and to allow them to relieve the monotony of the day's vigil by popping at jack-rabbits and learning to twirl their revolver around their first finger. Of the many compliments I have heard paid by officers and privates and ranch-owners and cowboys to Mr. Frederic Remington, the one which was sure to follow the others was that he never made the mistake of putting the revolver on the left side. But as I went North, his anonymous admirers would make this same comment, but with regret that he should be guilty of such an error. I could not understand this at first, until I found that the two sides of the shield lay in the Northern cowboy's custom of wearing his pistol on the left, and in the Texan's of carrying it on the right. The Northern man argues on this important matter that the sword has always been worn on the left, that it is easier to reach across and sweep the pistol to either the left or right, and that with this motion it is at once in position. The Texan says this is absurd, and quotes the fact that the pistol pocket has always been on the right, and that the lasso and reins are in the way of the left hand. It is too grave a question of etiquette for any one who has not at least six notches on his pistol butt to decide.

Although Mr. Kleberg's cowboys have been shorn of their pistols, their prowess as ropers still remains with them. They gave us an exhibition of this feature of their calling which was as remarkable a performance in its way as I have ever seen. The audience seated itself on the top of a seven-rail fence, and thrilled with excitement. At least a part of it did. I fancy Mr. Kleberg was slightly bored, but he was too polite to show it. Sixty wild horses were sent into a pen eighty yards across, and surrounded by the seven-rail fence. Into this the cowboys came, mounted on their ponies, and at Mr. Kleberg's word lassoed whichever horse he designated. They threw their ropes as a man tosses a quoit, drawing it back at the instant it closed over the horse's head, and not, as the beginner does, allowing the noose to settle loosely, and to tighten through the horse's effort to move forward. This roping was not so impressive as what followed, as the ropes were short, owing to the thick undergrowth, which prevents long throws, such as are made in the North, and as the pony was trained to suit its gait to that of the animal it was pursuing, and to turn and dodge with it, and to stop with both fore feet planted firmly when the rope had settled around the other horse's neck.

But when they had shown us how very simple a matter this was, they were told to dismount and to rope the horses by whichever foot Mr. Kleberg chose to select. This was a real combat, and was as intensely interesting a contest between a thoroughly wild and terrified animal and a perfectly cool man as one can see, except, perhaps, at a bull-fight. There is something in a contest of this sort that has appealed to something in all human beings who have blood in their veins from the days when one gladiator followed another with a casting-net and a trident around the arena down to the present, when "Peter" Poe drops on one knee and tries to throw Heffelfinger over his shoulder. In this the odds were in favor of the horse, as a cowboy on the ground is as much out of his element as a sailor on a horse, and looks as strangely. The boys moved and ran and backed away as quickly as their heavy leggings would permit; but the horses moved just twice as quickly, turning and jumping and rearing, and then racing away out of reach again at a gallop. But whenever they came within range of the ropes, they fell. The roping around the neck had seemed simple. The rope then was cast in a loop with a noose at one end as easily as one throws a trout line. But now the rope had to be hurled as quickly and as surely as a man sends a ball to first base when the batsman is running, except that the object at which the cowboy aims is moving at a gallop, and one of a galloping horse's four feet is a most uncertain bull's-eye.

It is almost impossible to describe the swiftness with which the rope moved. It seemed to skim across the ground

HILLINGDON RANCH.

as a skipping-rope does when a child holds one end of it and shakes the rope up and down to make it look like a snake coiling and undulating over the pavement.

One instant the rope would hang coiled from the thrower's right hand as he ran forward to meet the horse, moving it slowly, with a twist of his wrist, to keep it from snarling, and the next it would spin out along the ground, with the noose rolling like a hoop in the front, and would close with a snap over the horse's hoof, and the cowboy would throw himself back to take the shock, and the horse would come down on its side as though the ground had slipped from under it.

The roping around the neck was the easy tossing of a quoit; the roping around the leg was the angry snapping of a whip.

There are thousands of other ranches in the United States besides those in Texas, and other cowboys, but the general characteristics are the same in all, and it is only general characteristics that one can attempt to give.

NOTE.—The first paper of "The West from a Car Window" series, "From San Antonio to Corpus Christi," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 5, 1892; the second paper, "Our Troops on the Border," in the number for March 26, 1892; the third paper, "At a New Mining Camp," in the number for April 9, 1892; the fourth paper, "A Three-Year-Old City," in the number for April 23, 1892.

PELTON'S DILEMMA.

IT was a very simple case. Pelton was Burton's creditor to the tune of $10,000, and he wanted his money. He said so, too, in unmistakable terms, to Burton. Burton was an extremely sensitive fellow, and, like most debtors, did not like to be reminded of the little matter. This was not because he wished to forget it, as is the case with many men who owe money to others, but because he did not like to have Pelton assume that he had forgotten it. He was too honorable a person to forget even so small a trifle as that, and Pelton ought to have known that he would pay it off as soon as he possibly could. It made Burton miserably unhappy to be dunned, when his good faith was, or should have been, perfectly patent to everybody, and particularly so to Pelton, who had known him from boyhood.

"I'll pay you, Tom, as soon as I can," he had said. "I am sorry I ever borrowed it from you. A man always makes a mistake when he borrows from a friend, even if he borrows it to put into a sure thing, as I did."

"And the sure thing, like most sure things, turned out to be for the fellow at the other end of the spec," Pelton had retorted.

"That was my misfortune, though not exactly my fault," returned Burton. "I had watched that stock for five years, and its fluctuations were regular as clock-work. Along about a certain date it had stood for those five years at 80. Within thirty days of that date it had never failed to rise to 85. I bought on date number one; and, the day after, one of the company's largest properties was destroyed by fire, and a week later one of the largest financial concerns in the world went to the wall, and the bottom fell out of the market. On the second date, when I had expected to draw my profits and pay you back your money, I was not only minus profits, but the stock had fallen, and I was sold out. Nothing remained to my credit."

"And you tried to induce me to put up more margin for you," said Pelton.

"I did; and if you had, all would have been squared up, and I should be plus instead of minus to-day."

"If my father had been Prince Consort and my mother Queen Victoria and I their first-born son, I should to-day have been Prince of Wales," sneered Pelton.

"Very likely, Tom," returned Burton, with a grieved look. "But I'm glad you weren't, because if you had been, I should never have known you."

"Very kind of you to say that," retorted Pelton. "Very. But if you hadn't known me, I would have had my $10,000 to-day."

The only answer to this was a reproachful glance and a sigh. There was silence between the two men for a few moments, which was finally broken by Pelton.

"And I want the money," he said, bringing his fist down upon his desk with much force. "I can't afford to lose $10,000 even to give a friend the gratification of losing it."

"It shall be paid, Tom," said Burton.

"When? Some time in the latter part of the millennium?" retorted Pelton.

"No," cried the other, his face flushing as with a sudden resolve. "Before you know it, and with interest."

"Going to rob a bank?" suggested Pelton, tauntingly.

"I would do 'most anything," said Burton, coldly, "rather than remain under obligation to you."

With this the debtor and creditor parted—the one smarting under the taunts and sneers of the other, and the other angry at what seemed to be the hopelessness of his ever seeing his money again.

Three months passed by, and nothing more was said by Burton, and no check for $10,000 seemed forth-coming. Occasionally Pelton would write, reminding his unhappy creditor of the fact that the money would be desirable. His indignation carried him so far that once he wrote on a postal card, so that the postmaster and letter-carriers, the janitors, office-boys, and others through whose hands the missive passed could not fail to be acquainted with the fact that Burton owed Pelton $10,000. Another time a type-written screed labelled "Dictated" went forth to the miserable Burton. To these communications Pelton received no answer, which angered him still more; and finally, one morning late in September, after having worked himself up to a satirical frenzy which could be effectually directed against the recalcitrant debtor, he started out for a personal interview with Burton.

"I'll get $10,000 worth of repartee in on him anyhow," he ejaculated, angrily, as he left his apartment.

In a short time he arrived at Burton's office, but Burton was not in.

"He's off on his vacation," said the boy.

"How long does he expect to be gone?" asked Pelton, with an ejaculation of impatience.

"He said he didn't know when he'd be back," said the boy. "He's went duck-shooting."

Pelton turned on his heel and walked away. "Trust a pauper for vacating," he muttered angrily to himself. "He might better be at home earning his debts, hang him!"

Two days passed, and Pelton's wrath was by no means assuaged. He was mad all through. Burton's beastly indifference, as he called it, began to gall him more than the actual loss of the dollars, and he set about preparing a warm reception for his debtor when he should return, which, as events shaped themselves shortly, was a waste of time.

Burton never returned. He met with an accident and died. The accident was a simple one. He was off in a boat, with a loaded gun, lying in wait for some ducks. He dropped the gun, the jar discharged one of the barrels, and enough shot to kill two Burtons pierced Burton's side, and Burton was *non est*. The newspapers told all about it, but there was one minute detail which they overlooked, and which nobody but Pelton and I know about.

The morning the news of Burton's unhappy death was published in the daily papers, Pelton received through the mail an oblong blue envelope with a special delivery stamp on it. The address was written in much the same hand as that which appeared on Burton's promissory notes, only to an expert in chirography it would probably appear to have been penned by one suffering from some unusual stress of mind.

Within the envelope was Burton's card, on which were written the words:

"To cancel the debt. God bless you! JOHN BURTON."

And with it were found three accident-insurance policies—two for $5000 each and one for $1000.

Certainly $11,000 was adequate satisfaction for a debt of $10,000 and one year's unpaid interest; but whether it has been collected by the beneficiary or not, I do not know.

The policies are void in case of suicide, naturally, suicide not being an accident. No one knows that John Burton committed suicide; in fact, every one, including the insurance companies, believes that it was an unforeseen, unpremeditated disaster all through; that is, every one believes this except Pelton, and he is uncertain. But he tries to be honest. He wants his money very badly. But that suicide clause!

ROGER CAMERDEN.

PEOPLE'S WATERING-PLACES.

THE Governor of New York has signed a bill which sets apart certain piers, or rather parts of piers, on the water-front of New York as free breathing-places for the people. Strangely enough this law was enacted and received Executive sanction without even attracting the passing notice of the daily newspaper press. Usually there are few movements that attract more general public attention than those in any way affecting the free recreation-places of the metropolis. Some kinds of jobbery will be submitted to, because it seems too much trouble to fight them, but if any men or set of men attempt to encroach on the public parks of New York, their fate is sealed. About many things in New York there seems to be little if any civic pride; indeed, it is not beyond the mark, perhaps, to say that New-Yorkers have reached that state of enlightenment which Emerson says is an essential of culture, and have no pride in their village. It is certain that they will not waste time in discussing with brethren from Philadelphia, Boston, or Chicago as to the relative merits of the respective towns. But let any one suggest the spoliation of Central Park, and all the usual indifference vanishes, and New-Yorkers are as zealous in defence of this beautiful place as though that alone was capable of arousing the pride which ordinarily appears to be lacking. It probably is only dormant, or kept repressed, because its exhibition is thought to be unworthy of the true metropolitan.

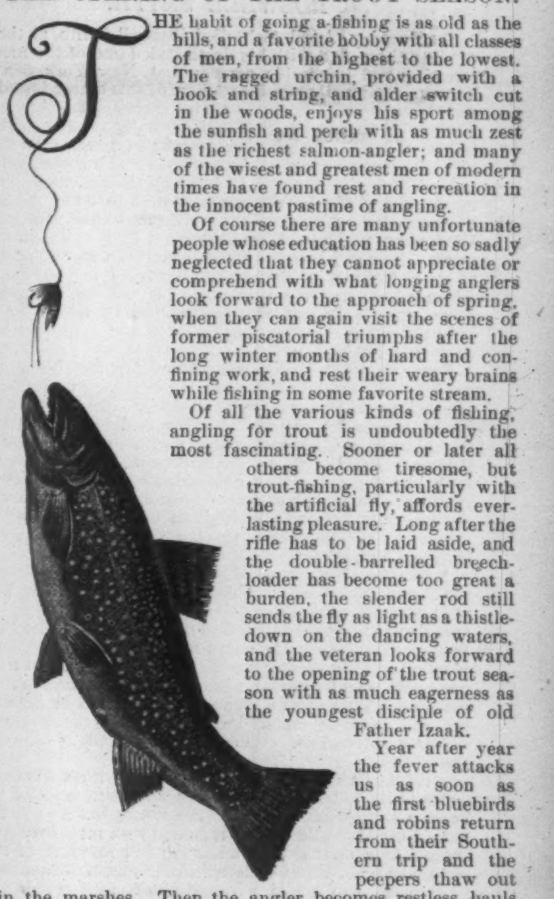
And so as the public of New York protests against any curtailment of its breathing-places, it also rejoices at any enlargement. This new plan is somewhat novel, but it is not the less welcome on that account. The bill provides that the two piers on the Hudson River now in process of building shall be covered with double-deck sheds, the lower deck to be devoted to shipping of a certain kind, and the upper to be a pavilion for the free use of the people. It also provides that the Department of Docks shall set apart whatever new piers seem to be needed for similar purposes. The old piers, now frequently held under long leases, cannot be so used, as none of them, except that of the Iron Steamboat Company, is two stories in height. It has not been the custom of the Dock Department to do more than construct the piers, and then the lessees would build the sheds. These, as at present constructed, cost something like $60,000. Those to be built so that the second story will afford room for the people, will probably cost $100,000. It would, therefore, interfere with the business of the department and the shippers to do anything interfering with the old piers. But the new piers set apart by this bill will not be leased, and the boats that can use them are boats from the canals, rivers, and lakes. This bars out the ocean, Sound, and coastwise vessels, and therefore these piers will not be leased at all, but depend for their revenue on the wharfage of a strictly domestic commerce. In this way they will always be strictly within the charge of the city authorities.

New York is generally not what should be called a hot place, but sometimes in summer even the winds that pass through the narrow brick-walled streets seem to have come from some monster furnace. Then do the people that are kept in town, and especially the children lodged in the tenement-houses, need a change. They cannot go to the sea, nor yet to the mountains; but how grateful to them would seem a whiff of pure air cooled by passage over the waters of the bay—fresh, indeed, from the open sea beyond the Narrows! And such places will be provided when the new piers are finished. These piers stretch anywhere from 300 to 600 feet out into the river, and are from 60 to 100 feet wide. Breathing-places such as these are not large when one considers the million or so of people who would like to enjoy them; but this is the beginning of an experiment towards a good end, and will be watched with interest. The first one to be completed is Pier 15, North River, at the foot of Vesey Street, and the second is Pier 54, North River, near the foot of Perry Street, and in what is now called the Oyster Basin. Each of these neighborhoods affords an excellent opportunity to test the experiment. If it succeeds, the Dock Department will doubtless exercise the discretion given to it by the new law, and designate other places for like use.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON.

THE habit of going a-fishing is as old as the hills, and a favorite hobby with all classes of men, from the highest to the lowest. The ragged urchin, provided with a hook and string, and alder switch cut in the woods, enjoys his sport among the sunfish and perch with as much zest as the richest salmon-angler; and many of the wisest and greatest men of modern times have found rest and recreation in the innocent pastime of angling.



Of course there are many unfortunate people whose education has been so sadly neglected that they cannot appreciate or comprehend with what longing anglers look forward to the approach of spring, when they can again visit the scenes of former piscatorial triumphs after the long winter months of hard and confining work, and rest their weary brains while fishing in some favorite stream.

Of all the various kinds of fishing, angling for trout is undoubtedly the most fascinating. Sooner or later all others become tiresome, but trout-fishing, particularly with the artificial fly, affords everlasting pleasure. Long after the rifle has to be laid aside, and the double-barrelled breech-loader has become too great a burden, the slender rod still sends the fly as light as a thistle-down on the dancing waters, and the veteran looks forward to the opening of the trout season with as much eagerness as the youngest disciple of old Father Izaak.

Year after year the fever attacks us as soon as the first bluebirds and robins return from their Southern trip and the peepers thaw out in the marshes. Then the angler becomes restless, hauls out his rods and tackle, his old creel and older fishing suit, littering up the house regardless of the remonstrance of the "goodwife," who looks with disfavor upon the whole business of going a-fishing. And as the days lengthen and the fruit trees begin to blossom, the fever increases to such an extent that nothing short of a plunge knee-deep into an ice-cold trout brook will bring relief. Then with what rapture we gloat over the first trout we catch, how cold it feels and how beautiful it looks, sparkling with all the colors of the rainbow, as it tosses about among the blue violets and pink "spring beauties"!

In New York State, with the exception of the "Forest Preserve," the trout season opens on April 1st; generally it is pretty cold at that time of the year; but this season was an exception, and the opening day and several succeeding ones were as warm and pleasant as trout or anglers could wish for. In consequence, the attendance at the Long Island clubs was unusually large, and so were the fish they caught.

In Ohio the season begins March 15th. The writer attended the opening this spring of the celebrated Castalia Sporting Club, near Sandusky. We fished with the thermometer down to seven degrees above zero; but notwithstanding the cold, the trout rose fairly well to the fly, though it was difficult fishing, as our lines froze fast to the rings and the flies often were coated with ice.

After the South Side Sportsmen's, the Suffolk, and other famous Long Island clubs have begun the season, the Tuxedo, Blooming Grove Park, and other clubs among the mountains follow suit. So that by May 1st trout-fishing is in full swing. In the Adirondack and Maine woods the ice breaks up about May 10th, and great crowds of anglers flock to the famous wilderness resorts; for the early fishing is generally excellent, and the black flies do not torment the visitor much before the 1st of June. The famous Megantic and Laurentian clubs of Canada, to which many Americans belong, control thousands of acres, and afford comfortable quarters for anglers and their families during the summer and early fall, and many find their way even to the far-off waters of Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and the famous Gaspé country. Late in June and early in July great schools of sea-trout enter the rivers of these districts, and afford superb sport to those who have sufficient enterprise to take the long trip.

About the time the apple blossoms cover the old orchards with their lovely pink and white flowers, the veteran, who has been patiently waiting his opportunity, slips off with a fishing companion to some quiet out-of-the-way tavern or farm-house on the banks of the Neversink or Beaverkill, where he can wade and fish to his heart's content, happy once more to find himself among the fragrant pines and hemlocks, and far away from bricks and mortar; where he can hear the song of the wood-robin and enjoy the sweet-scented wild flowers that dot the fields with bright patches of color. Then, after a good day's fishing, when he trudges back in the gloaming along the old familiar wood road, with a heavy creel, how contented he feels as he smokes his old brier-wood, and listens to the whippoorwill calling to its mate and the great owl hooting up among the trees on the mountain-side!

The benefit derived from these trips cannot be measured

in dollars and cents, and even if he has not caught all the trout in the stream, the city man returns home sunburned and hearty, with renewed health, and able to tackle his work in a manner that will astonish himself.

Many of our wealthy business men cannot spare the time to take long trips to the wild streams, so to them the near-by clubs are a great boon. In a few hours they can reach the luxurious quarters of their club-houses, enjoy a day or two on their ponds and streams, which are kept well stocked, and where they are reasonably sure of sport, and return to business rested and refreshed.

Good trout-fishing is rapidly becoming an expensive luxury to those who live in our big cities, for either the angler must spend much time and money to reach distant waters, or else pay a big price to belong to a good club.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

ROSWELL SMITH.

On Tuesday, April 19th, died Roswell Smith, at the age of sixty-three, and with his death ended one of the most interesting and honorable careers that New York has ever known. The really significant part of this career lasted less than twenty years, beginning with the establishment of the *Century Magazine* in 1870, and virtually closing with the failure of Mr. Smith's health several years ago. As the result of less than a single score of years of business activity in New York, Roswell Smith left two monumental achievements, either of which is large enough to have engaged a lifetime. These are the *Century Magazine* and the Century Dictionary, which, on their business side, were distinctly his work. Much of Roswell Smith's success was due probably to good fortune in literary and business associates. But without his ever-fresh originality in business methods, his largeness of plan, and that momentum by which he overbore all difficulties, success so large and complete would have been impossible.

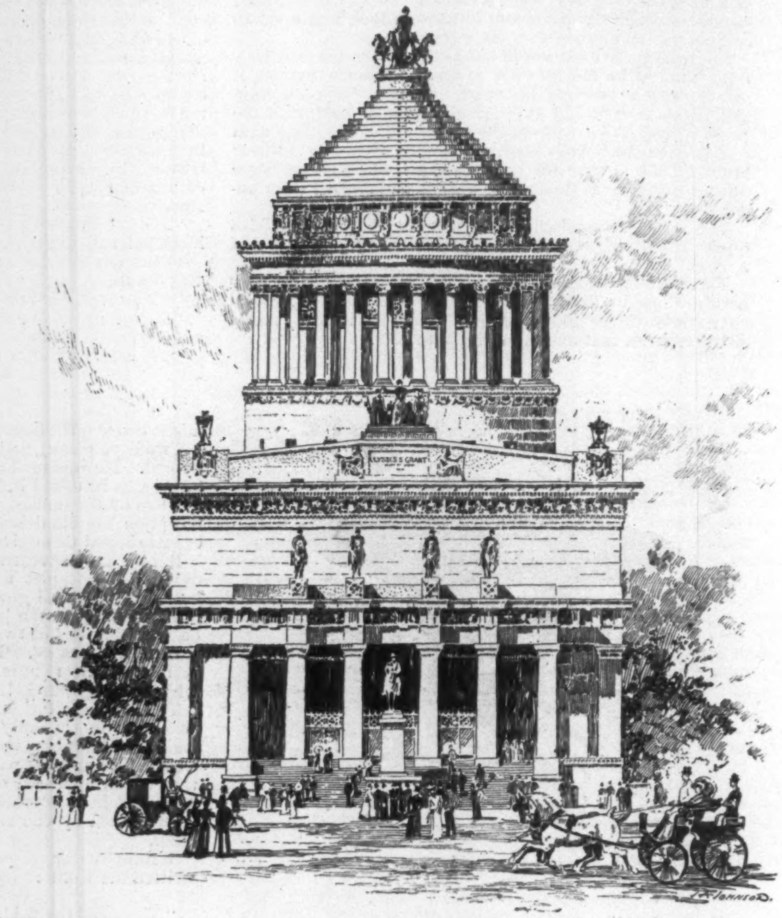
Every man has his limitations, and Mr. Smith's were apparent. He was by nature restricted to large undertakings. He had no relish for success by detail—for a victory made up of successful skirmishes. He told me once that he thought himself personally unfitted for ordinary book publishing. Besides those enterprises that he engaged in with varying success, he contemplated and negotiated regarding others that came to nothing, but the very conception of which was enough to take the breath. One might say that he had a passion for undertakings of the cosmical sort.

A remarkable example of his liberality in expenditure and the expansiveness of his ideas is to be found in the history of the Century Dictionary. As at first projected it was to cost a trifle of twenty thousand dollars to revise the English Imperial Dictionary and adapt it to American use. But the ideal of a vastly greater work grew by degrees, and the ultimate cost was, I suppose, nearer to a million than to the first estimate. There was a conservative caution in his character, and in some moods he shrank from the boldness of his own enterprises. When he had added to his original third of the *Century Magazine* almost the whole of the other two-thirds, he found himself burdened with a financial responsibility that seemed appalling, and he thought of selling again a considerable block of the stock; but he quickly regained his nerve, and held his course with most fortunate results. At a later period, when the full measure of the expenditure needed to complete the dictionary became evident, he explained to me as a friend how it had grown to such vast proportions, with the avowed intention of making it possible for me to do him justice if financial disaster should result. But again his foresight was justified by the event.

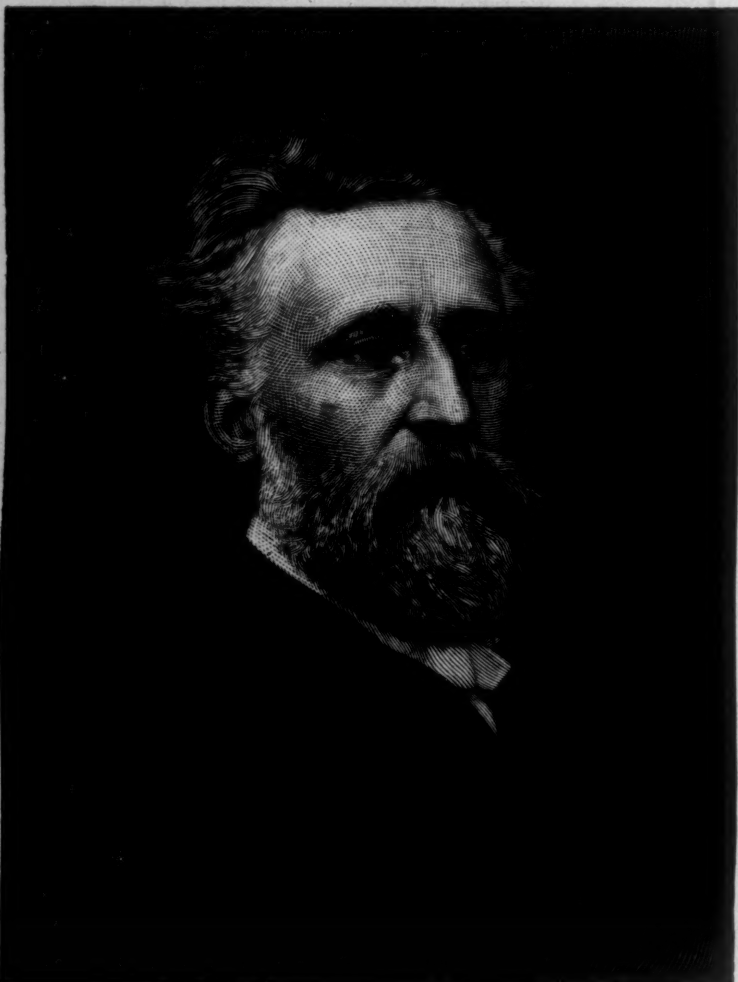
Largeness in conception and execution was Roswell Smith's most conspicuous mental trait, and a certain magnanimity in his relations with subordinates impressed one as a kindred moral trait. Born and educated in New England, he practised law in Lafayette, Indiana, for many years, and during that time he made fortunate investments in real estate. Among his interests was a large share in a coal mine. Hearing that the miners were dissatisfied, he repaired to the place, and found them holding a meeting in the woods at an inclement season. He persuaded them to adjourn to a hall in the village, the rent of which he defrayed for them, learned the grounds of discontent, and came to an understanding with them. It was and is the habit of corporations owning mines to conduct stores, from which the workmen are obliged by one device or another to buy at exorbitant rates; but Mr. Smith set up a store at which no man was under any compulsion to buy, but which furnished the men their supplies at much lower rates than they had been paying to the village merchants. In one mine he retained an interest after his removal to the East, and a resident of the region told me that Mr. Roswell Smith sent a copy of one of his magazines into the household of every workman in the mine.

In the Century Company, under Mr. Smith's presidency, the heads of every department had opportunity to become stockholders. At one time of exceptional prosperity a portion of the profits was divided among the employés, down to the humblest. An amusing story is told of the wife of a man employed in a non-literary capacity by the Century Company. She was quite unable to believe her husband's account of the dividend, and she lay awake all night, distressed with suspicions of his dishonesty. I do not know whether Mr. Roswell Smith retained to the last the conviction I have often heard him express that such co-operative methods were profitable in a business sense. They have their advantages and their inconveniences, but they certainly tend to do away with the unhappy conflict between labor and capital, and to "make the earth wholesome." Roswell Smith was a conspicuous and active member of a church, but it is much more to the point to say that there are very many who cherish a grateful remembrance of his generosity. He probably gave like others to remote philanthropies, but it is far higher praise that those whose lives were most closely associated with his own found him magnanimously thoughtful of their welfare.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.



THE GRANT MONUMENT.



THE LATE ROSWELL SMITH.—From a Photograph by Cox.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.

The lofty eminence, the site of the historic tomb at Riverside Park, overlooks long reaches of the Hudson, and commands a wide landscape view of great and varied beauty. Westward across the driveway the bank-side park slopes steeply to the river, with the wooded Weehawken hills opposite, and above them the Palisades, stretching northward to the bold promontory which ends the vista. To the south opens a harbor scene, alive with moving vessels, and far eastward across the city the Sound and the Long Island hills beyond are in view.

With the humiliating delay in obtaining funds for the erection of this monument the country is too familiar. Where the remains of the honored dead were on August 8, 1885, laid to rest, for nearly seven years there stood as a memorial only the temporary structure originally erected over the tomb. Of $500,000, the estimated amount required to secure a fitting monument, until a few weeks ago only about $155,000 had been contributed; but the feeling among patriotic citizens that something should be done to redeem this neglect at last caused the adoption of measures effectual to the end desired.

On the 22d of March last, by legislative enactment, sixty-seven members were added to the Board of Trustees of the Grant Monument Association, raising its number to one hundred trustees. The election to membership of prominent citizens noted for patriotism and public spirit, and the retention of General Horace Porter as president, were followed by the institution of vigorous proceedings to secure the amount necessary to complete the memorial. The vital necessity of prompt, energetic, and sustained effort on the part of the Board of Trustees was fully appreciated. "The money can be raised in thirty days, not in thirty years," said General Porter; and abandoning his private business, he threw himself with characteristic ardor and ability into the work of securing the immediate subscription of an amount that should assure the completion of the monument.

Relying justly upon the feeling of patriotism and sincere wish to do honor to the illustrious dead, existing strong though latent among the citizens of New York, an effective plan of organized effort was speedily put into operation. Appeals were issued to the members of every important calling and occupation in the city, and from each profession and business industry a working committee of ten representative men was appointed, with power to increase its membership at discretion. These committees, about two hundred in number, aided by the co-operation of the newspapers in general, and the trades journals conspicuously, constituted a motive force that gained in a few days a momentum such as to make it manifest that the means adopted were in the lines of success. Brooklyn came generously forward with an offer to raise $50,000, a fitting tribute from a sister city proud to share in the honor that attends the erection of this structure—the grandest mausoleum ever raised by an enlightened people in the world's history.

The architect, Mr. John H. Duncan, of New York, has designed a classical structure, with an exterior composed of material as light as will stand the severity of the climate. The interior is to be pure white, with the exception of some well-chosen ornamentation in black. The foundations of the edifice are now finished, and the first course of granite ten feet in height has been put under construction. The structure, which will be visible from all points of the upper part of the city, is placed at a slight angle to the Riverside Drive, so as squarely to face the point to the south on that approach where it first presents itself to the observer; and it forms the terminus to the vista of 123d Street looking toward the west. In general dimensions it is a square of about 100 feet at ground-line, exclusive of the steps and portico projection. The total height of the mausoleum will be about 160 feet from the base-line, or nearly 300 feet from the water-level of the Hudson River. From the centre of the main-hall floor to the dome is 100 feet, and the outer gallery, 130 feet above the ground-line, will afford a view of the surrounding country for many miles. The interior of the dome is supported by pendentives, figure subjects formed of marble mosaic, above which are thirteen openings into the inner gallery. In the panels over these openings are placed the seals of the original thirteen States, beneath disks with the names and emblems of all the States. Facing the south, near the beginning of the step approaches, will be the pedestal and equestrian statue of General Grant. Surmounting four of the columns will be placed equestrian statues of his principal commanders, and panels on the east and west of the structure will receive bass-reliefs of other officers associated with his victories. The black granite sarcophagus will rest in the crypt below the main floor, directly under the dome, which will receive light from the sky.

The seventieth anniversary of General Grant's birthday was the appropriate date fixed for the laying of the corner-stone of this memorial structure, with the imposing ceremonies due the historic occasion. The laying of the corner-stone by the President of the United States, the oration by Chauncey M. Depew, and the presence of a great number of distinguished men from all parts of the nation, were features of the programme which for impressiveness was equalled only by the solemn funeral pageant seven years ago, when New York was thronged with the vast multitudes gathered to attend the obsequies of the great national military chieftain and civic magistrate.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

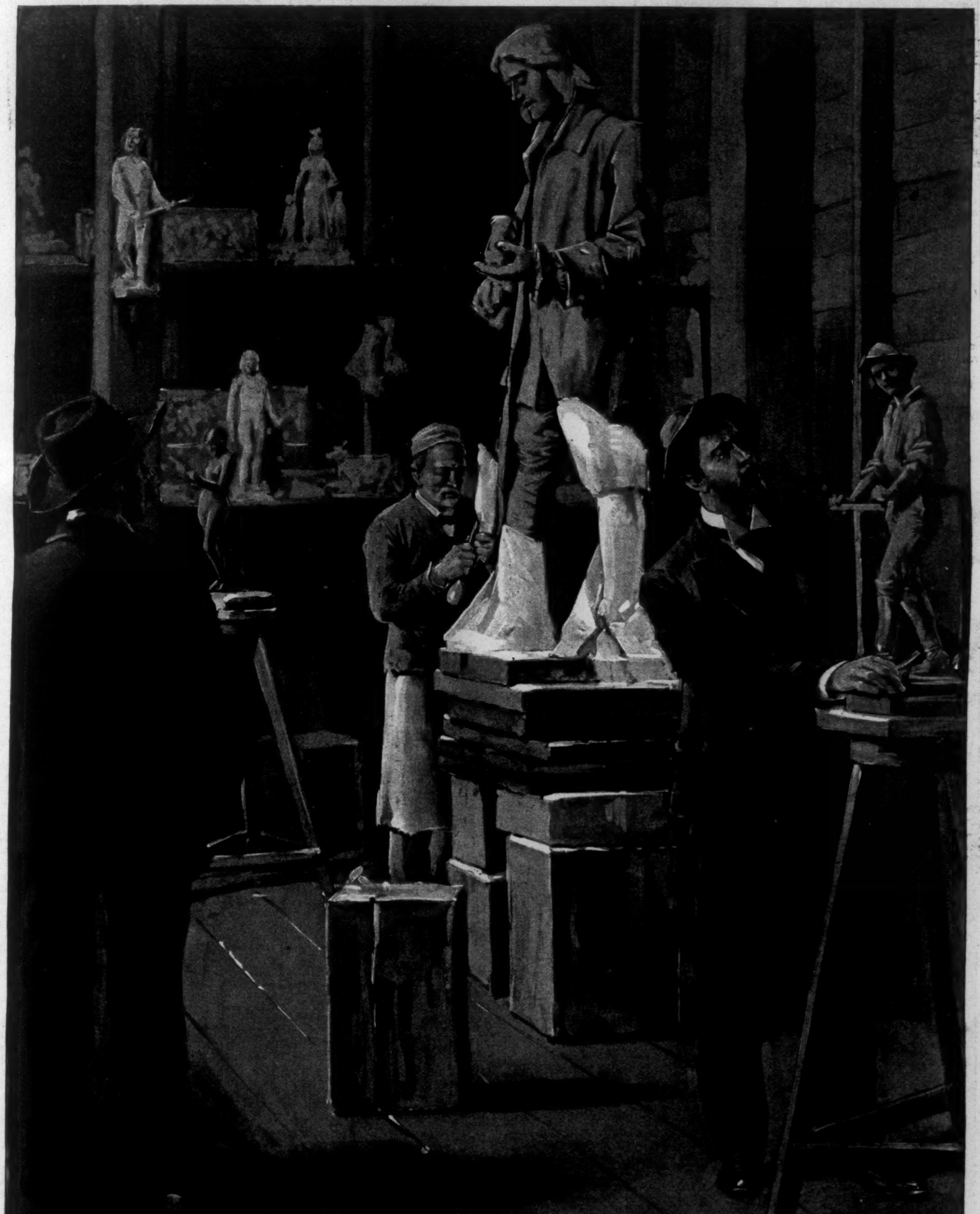
THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DE THULSTRUP, CHARLES GRAHAM, AND T. DART WALKER.

GETTING READY FOR THE GREAT FAIR.

WHEN Congressman Dockery's committee of investigation went to Chicago to turn over and examine the Columbian Exposition, its members were not quite prepared for what they saw on the first day's inspection. In the American sense of the word, the managers of the exposition are really very clever. "This committee," said they to themselves (the managers), "has come out here to investigate our work and our affairs. If we show them books, records, balances, expense and receipt accounts, long columns of figures on ruled paper, arguments on this, that, and the other thing, how will they be impressed?" Naturally the answer to this question was not satisfactory. The members of the committee would think that no wee bit of money had been spent. And what would they see for it? Books and papers. Now books and papers are good enough in their way, and serve their purpose admirably in their place. But books and papers were never yet known to possess one jot of interest to any one who was not financially interested therein. Quite the reverse. They are tiresome.

The managers of the fair appreciated this truth keenly. They found themselves in the attitude of a certain lawyer of the class called, or miscalled, however elegantly, "shyster," who was defending a colored citizen for purloining a pair of trousers. His case did not present those romantic features that inspire a pleader with eloquence, so he began his argument on the purely imaginary grounds of a forlorn sailor's wife on the Pacific coast, in a lone cottage, praying for her husband on the briny deep. His plea for these tactics was that, first of all, it was necessary to make an impression, to rivet the attention of the jury. So with the committee-men. It was necessary, prerequisite, indeed, to rivet their attention. And this, manifestly, was not to be done by offering Mr. Dockery's Congressmen an array of



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

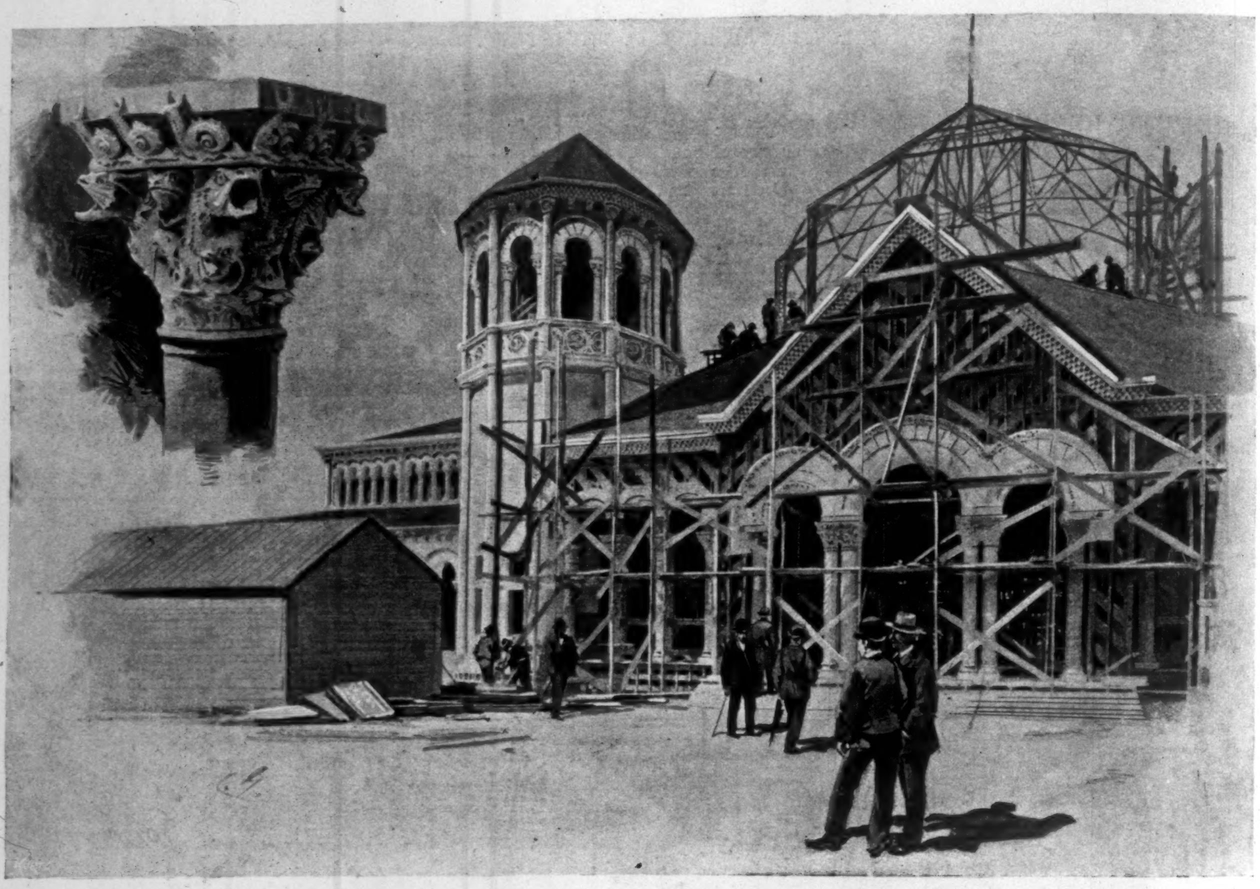
figures, and applying dollars to millions of feet of lumber, and so forth.

What then? This question is answered invariably in the same way, not alone by the managers of the fair, but by all loyal Chicagoans. "Take them down to the grounds, and let them first *see* what we have done; then tell them how and why we did it."

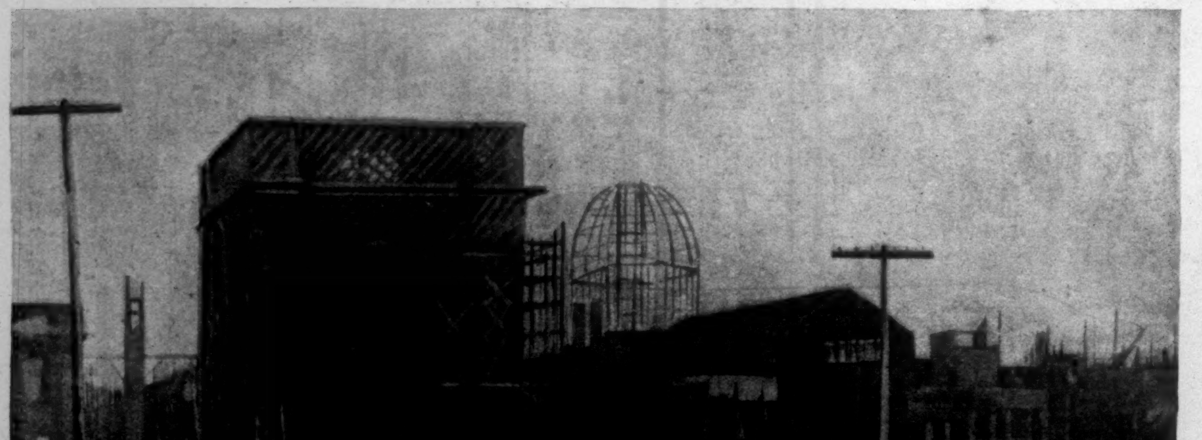
Now the honorables had begun the investigation with the fixed resolution to let no sign, favorable or otherwise, escape them. Few of them had seen a World's Exposition; in fact, not one of them had seen a World's Exposition. When, therefore, they were driven inside the gates at Jackson Park, and found that the Horticultural Building alone was more than their minds could begin to digest in one hour, they began to gape internally.

"H'm!" ejaculated the chairman, looking about him. "Pretty big thing this, isn't it?"

His friends and fellow-Congressmen said nothing. It *was* pretty big. "I had no idea," said another member of the committee, after a pause, "that this fair had such a tremendous scope." And, to tell the truth, he had not. The main building puzzled the committee. They wanted to know if a certain gigantic structure about a third of a mile away could possibly be part of the building they saw before their eyes. It seemed to be, and yet it was too far away. They were told it was. Then they returned to the city in a thoughtful mood, and announced they were ready to begin the investigation. But with what vastly different feelings they began it! The figures now had a palpable meaning. The sums expended did not seem large—small, rather. The estimates in money necessary to finish the work on the same scale by no means seemed unreasonable. On the contrary, they seemed a trifle low, if anything.



DETAILS OF THE FISHERIES BUILDING.—Drawn by Charles Graham.



SUNDAY VISITORS AT JACKSON PARK.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

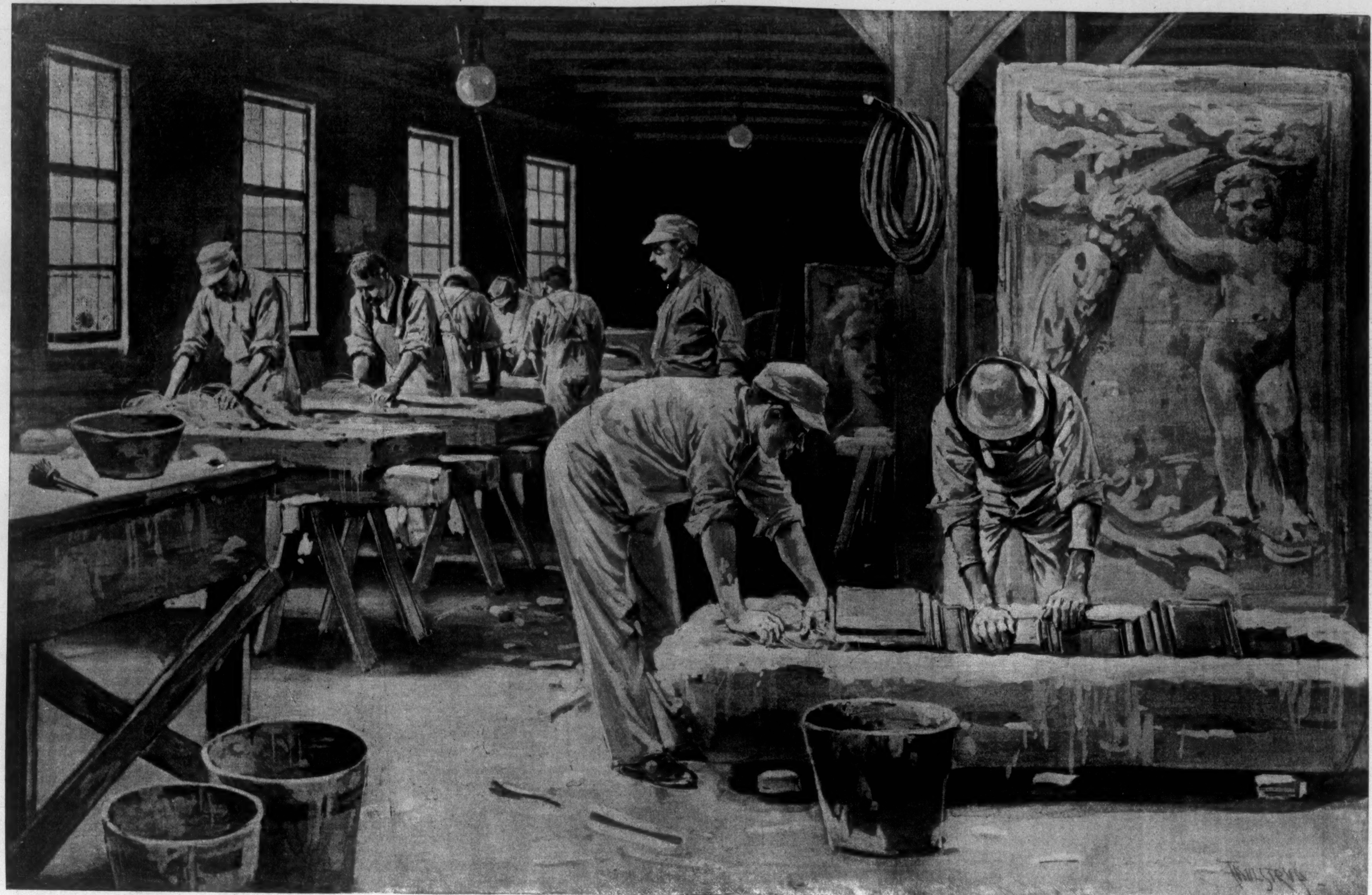
The attention of the committee had been riveted.

While on the grounds the Congressmen manifested, like all other visitors to the World's Fair site, a decided interest in certain prominent features. These features puzzled them a little, just as they puzzled ordinary visitors who have not the honor of being members of Congress. For instance, they were deeply interested in the walls of the finished buildings. At present these walls resemble a certain kind of unpolished marble. In color they are a dirty white, of about the same shade as Mrs. Stewart's house was a year after it had been completed. The great expanse of the walls, however, amazed them; and then the detail! In the low arches of the Fisheries Building their eyes were regaled with a mural sculpture as intricate and complex as the glyphs on an Assyrian slab. Only, in the case of the Fisheries the motive was plain. But more of the Fisheries sculpture and the mysteries of the staff walls anon.

They were curious about the construction of the main, or Liberal Arts, building; and they were curious, too, about the destinies and uses of the picturesque little wooded island in the big lagoon, that is now beginning to shape itself, under the eye and the hand of that rarest of all rare horticulturists, Mr. John Thorpe. This little island will be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the gardeners and the flower-men; and as the Congressmen seemed to realize that this would be the one beauty spot of the fair, even as they saw it in its unfinished condition, its composition will bear a little description.

One might say the island lies in the middle of the fair, and—not for that reason alone, though—it should be one of the most attractive places. It is to be sylvan in parts and florid in parts. Mr. Thorpe is an Englishman, with all an Englishman's idea of order in gardening. This is not to say that he contemplates laying it out like Sir James Anderson's flower garden, or like the slablike angularity of the great house at Hawarden. On the contrary, there will be order brought out of apparent confusion. But the two centres around which all his ideas revolve in the composition are beauty and variety. And these will be here present, if ever present in any bit of landscape, native or foreign.

The island lies in its length north and south in the great lagoon, and covers an area of from fifteen to sixteen acres. A gravel road, in width from eight to sixteen feet, skirts the water's edge, varying in its width as it approaches or recedes from the shore. Through the middle of the land runs another wide and serpentine gravel road, that returns to itself and crosses itself at several points. In the southernmost portion of the island is the flower garden. It is in the form of an equilateral quadrangle, or square, an acre in extent. It is surrounded by a wire



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—WORKERS IN STAFF.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

fence covered with creepers, through which there are four entrances to the labyrinthine walks within. These walks mark the boundaries of the flower beds, some of which, the largest, are 700 square feet in area. In the middle is a pagoda in which will be Oriental flowers. In the beds will be more than 50,000 flowers in more than 1500 varieties. Surrounding the flower garden are planted many trees of many varieties, and between these trees will be great groups of rhododendrons and azaleas This makes up the first division

The second division of the island lies to the north Here will be grown the shrubs, small plants, roses, peonjes, lilies, dahlias, and all flowers of all foreign countries that can be reared in the climate.

The third division lies at the north end Here about an acre of space will be given to the flora of Japan, and Mr Thorpe believes that the Japanese collection will prove to be the most interesting on the island. The shore will be lined with trees, and this it is that gives the picture the wooded appearance it has in all the photographs. Off the south end of the mainland is a smaller island, in which will be exhibited the Roosevelt hunting camp. The trees planted are willows (in several varieties), poplars, elms, ashes, magnolias, and wild stuff

From the pagoda in the flower garden will be visible a most charming scene, for, as has been said, the island is really in the middle of the fair. It is surrounded by the buildings devoted to horticulture, mines and mining, electricity, manufactures, and liberal arts, and from its northern extremity will be seen the Department of Fisheries and the Government Building. Looking toward the south through the vista made by the walls of the Mines and Mining buildings and the Electricity Building will be seen the lofty dome of the Building of the Administration.

at once they found many firms in the United States ready at a moment's notice to undertake the contract of furnishing the material and doing the work.

The manufacture, modelling, and application of the staff at the Chicago Fair are done by three firms. The mere manufacture of the material does not require any special technical knowledge; mere laborers can do all the work. But it is a fact that the laborers who work in the staff-rooms at the World's Fair are Belgians, French, and Italians. One might as well be in Flanders or Paris as in one of these rooms so far as surroundings are concerned. The small boy cuts a conspicuous figure herein. He is active, useful, cheap, accurate, and an effective worker when he can be persuaded to pay attention to his task. The small boy is divided into pairs by his boss, and the pair is assigned the work of cutting or chopping hemp. Hemp or jute is a necessary integral of staff.

Here is a young Frenchman—a really handsome son of the people—clad in the proverbial blouse and trousers. It may be that the color of his garb was originally blue. In all probability such it was, but the color is not apparent now. At present it is undoubtedly white. His dark curly hair resembles a stage wig supposed to properly indicate the prevailing ballroom style of the seventeenth century, *i.e.*, powdered white. But its Southern darkness crops out here and there. His eyes, too, tell what color is his curly head, for they are as black as night; and his manly beauty is not at all disturbed by an occasional daub of plaster of Paris here on his nose, there under his right eye, or there on his chin. This man is a mixer. That is to say, he unites the component parts of the staff, kneads it up into a thick paste about the consistency of what puddlers call an amalgam, and makes it ready for the sculptor or the caster.

sion which is somewhat over-crowded, and a market wherein th prices for the work are quite low.

The staff modellers' work is of a low order of sculpture, but th results are sometimes really artistic. They are assisted by or ginal models or drawings, and in this combination are enabled t make bass-reliefs and friezes that will contribute in no small wa to the beauties of the buildings. The results of this work wi not end with the World's Fair, it is thought. There is no reaso why the effects should not extend further, and in some degre cause a change in building methods If staff may be used wit such good success in such large structures as these, and contrive t present a surface that can withstand the ravage of weather for year, and yet remain as useful and ornamental as it was whe first manufactured and applied, the conclusions are obvious The object-lesson the big buildings present may not be altogethe lost, but may reach in no very limited way American architectur in general.

It is in the detail of the Fisheries Building that the suscepti bility of staff in the way of decorative art is, perhaps, most highly appreciated. Mr. Henry Ives Cobb sought to preserve the per fectly pure Romanesque in the architecture of the building. He used fish and all sorts of water animals as the motive The resul is rarely unique, and this building will excite as much commen as any feature of the exposition Over the archways in the mai front of the structure the staff is sculptured into masses of endless forms of fish, reptiles, crabs, lobsters, sea-weed, and sea fruit, in a word, there is here expressed in the plastic material a bewildering variety of animal life, strictly pertaining, of course, to the sea and to the subject in hand. All the architects of all the buildings designed their sculpture to harmonize with the purposes of the struc-

CHICAGO'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Drawn by Charles Graham

Looking at the fair from this island, will be seen, as from no other point in the entire lay-out, to what exquisite uses the compound called staff may be put. This material, which seems to be a revelation to the American public, has two qualities that render it pre-eminently fit for just such work as it is here devoted to: first, it makes the wood, around which it is placed as an exterior, perfectly fire-proof from any ordinary conflagration; second, it is susceptible of the highest artistic decoration and plastic ornamentation. When the buildings of the exposition are finished, they will present an aggregate of marble palaces, colored and tinted to realize the ideals of the most artistic fancy, nay, extravagance, in color. The chemist who first manufactured colored marble out of plaster of Paris believed he had made a grand discovery, nor is this denied; but all his ingenuity could devise no process whereby he could reduce his process to a practicability possible of such vast extent as the staff walls of the World's Fair will show.

It is no wonder, then, that this material, its uses, and the methods of its manufacture make up one of the most curious features of the World's Fair. Staff is new to Americans generally, but it has been known in Europe for years. The rock-makers of America had heard of it, nay, had manufactured and sold it, long before the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago was dreamed of; but these were the few; the many were in utter ignorance of its existence.

The exposition in Paris three years ago furnished the first extensive experiment that had been made with staff as a large factor in the building arts, and with such an example before them, the directors of the Chicago enterprise had not far to go for a precedent. They chose staff as an external covering for their buildings; and

He is a type of the staff-maker. So are these two boys near a small chopping-block. One is sitting on a roll of hemp that is twisted into one-inch rope. He places one end of the rope loosely on the block. His companion, armed with a severely sharp little axe, brings that tool down swiftly on the rope's end with marvellous accuracy, cutting it off cleanly and with despatch, and shoves it into a basket that stands ready to receive it. When the basket is nearly full, another boy carries it away, and the cut hemp is "teased" into a loose pile. It is now ready for the mixer, who scatters the right proportion of it in his half-barrel of common cement mixed with a small percentage of plaster of Paris, agitates the mass until the mixing becomes difficult to the hand, and there's an end to it. The staff is made. The cement contributes hardness to the compound, the hemp adhesiveness, and the plaster of Parish finish.

It is then pressed into slabs, which are nailed to the wooden walls of the building, or turned over to the modellers and sculptors, who work it out into mural decorations and bass-reliefs.

Most of the sculptural work of the World's Fair is done by American artists. But there are no Americans who work in staff, perhaps for the reason that the American sculptor considers his dignity above the labor. The majority of the staff modellers come from Italy, and some few of them from France. They are paid higher wages, probably, than any other one class of workmen on the grounds. They learned their art in Italy, where the demand for cheap sculpture is large and the supply is large. And as sculptors in World's Fair work, they earn as much as $8 or $10 a day—a rate of wages considerably surpassing the profits to be derived from image-making in their native country—a profes-

tures themselves; but not one of them has shown the boldness o Mr. Cobb in this respect.

See now his logic. All his study and cogitation of the subjec of the sculpture brought him back invariably to the one topic, an that the main one—fish. Here a treatment was asked [illegible] easily answered as if the subject were electricity, agri[illegible] th manufactures, the arts, or, indeed, any of the nobler departments that naturally shifted into the ideal. His topic was the rathe prosaic, commonplace, and, in a way, ridiculous one of—fish. A less poetic and original artist than Mr. Cobb might have made a miserable failure out of material that his genius turned into some thing grand.

A fish or a reptile, *solus*, whatever philosophy it may portend carries no germ of ecstasy. But fling together thousands of such forms, woven and interwoven, some glaringly strong here, some suggestively weak there, in all combinations and studies, on on broad table, and out of it all springs a dark Egyptian poetry an grandeur worthy of a master. With a less plastic assistant tha staff, Mr. Cobb's ideas could not have been enacted without geniu for a sculptor and a fortune for the expense. As it is, he ha results as good as if both were enlisted in his favor.

The grounds of the exposition seem to possess an indescribabl fascination not only for the strangers straying within Chicago' gates, but to the permanent population of Chicago as well. Unti recently the crowds that gathered in the grounds on Sunday threatened to seriously interfere with the integrity of the fai buildings. The directors, in the Rand-McNally building in Adam Street, were liberal. They had printed an untold number of singl passes to the grounds, and these were distributed among the vari

ous offices and departments. Any citizen or stranger had only to apply to any of the departments to secure one of these passes or more. As the fair began to assume a rounded-out appearance, as the great domes and archways began to rise into the air, when it became known that the esplanade along the lake shore was all paved, and offered a most tempting walk, the demand for passes increased alarmingly But even this did not stay the generosity of the directors, and the passes continued to pour out, while the visitors continued to pour in At last came a Monday morning, and with it a complaint from the grounds that 34,000 visitors had strayed in and around the grounds the day before.

This would have been good business had the fair been thrown open, with music and flags and exhibitions, instead of being closed up and in process of construction The complaint impressed the President and the board, and then issued an order limiting the passes to those only whose business carried them within the bounds. This was the other extreme. And so it was suggested that the managers charge a small admission fee, say twenty-five cents per adult, and open the grounds to the public. But this was condemned as being beneath the dignity of the exposition. Then the prohibitive policy was warmly attacked, and was found to have so few earnest defenders that the embargo was lifted, and the President and directors became liberal once more in the matter of passes. The defenders of the pass system argued that the visitors could do no possible harm. On the other hand, the good they would certainly do was clearly great. For every strange visitor who was permitted to see what the fair was like in its early constructive condition would not fail to advertise well abroad what he had seen, thus advertising the fair itself. All of which goes to show that the citizens of Chicago and the exposition managers are by no means slow to see a good point for their own advantage, and to develop it to its full capacity.

Mr. Thulstrup's page is drawn after a photograph by Mr. C. D. Arnold, the official photographer of the exposition.

M. A. LANE.

CHICAGO'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE city of Chicago has long been in want of a first-class library. That is to say, it has not been in want of a library, but in want of a pretty building, comparable with those of other great cities in the country, in which to house the one public circulating library it now has.

There are two free libraries in Chicago, and a third that has been endowed but not yet created. The first and oldest is the Chicago Public Library; the second, the Newberry; and the third and uncreated, the Crerar. The two last mentioned are for reference only, and so it is that Chicago's one million and one-quarter of population depend upon the city institution for its books—at least such part of that population as cannot afford to buy books of their own.

The trustees of the Newberry Library are now erecting a substantial and costly building on the North Side. The work has been slow, and Mr. Fred Hild, who is the guardian genius of the city bookshelves, asserts, in a spirit of friendly rivalry, that he will have moved into his new home before the Newberry's home is finished. But this, mere banter.

About a year ago a bill was passed in the Illinois Legislature granting the appropriation of enough money to erect a house in all manners suited to the uses of a public library, and at once the committee in charge invited competitive sketches from local architects. The prize was won by Mr. Charles A. Coolidge, a young and bright architect, whose home was in Boston before he became a Chicagoan The plans offered by Mr Coolidge and accepted provide for a spacious building to cost $1,250,000. This is the sum that will be expended on the constructure alone, for the city has its own site in a half-block of land facing Lake Michigan, in Michigan Avenue between Washington and Randolph streets. It is called "Dearborn Park," not because it resembles a park at all, but might have been a park had the city made it one. As a library site it will do better service. The main façade of the building will extend 400 feet along Michigan Avenue; the width of the building will be 140 feet, and the height 90 feet. The style of architecture will be the Roman classic. The eminent feature will be the main entrance through a grand arch 8 feet in depth

Mr Coolidge furnished an accurate description of his design to the Building Committee, and it will be just to repeat his own words nearly enough to tell what the library will be when it is completed. He says that the exterior of the building has been treated in a classical manner, and the intention has been to give it as monumental a character as possible, at the same time keeping the openings very large, so as to admit the greatest possible amount of light. The material for the exterior walls will be blue Bedford stone, finely dressed, with the exception of the water-table, where granite will be used of a color in harmony with the color of the limestone. The roof will be of copper The balustrade at the top will be of limestone, and the divisions of the windows of iron

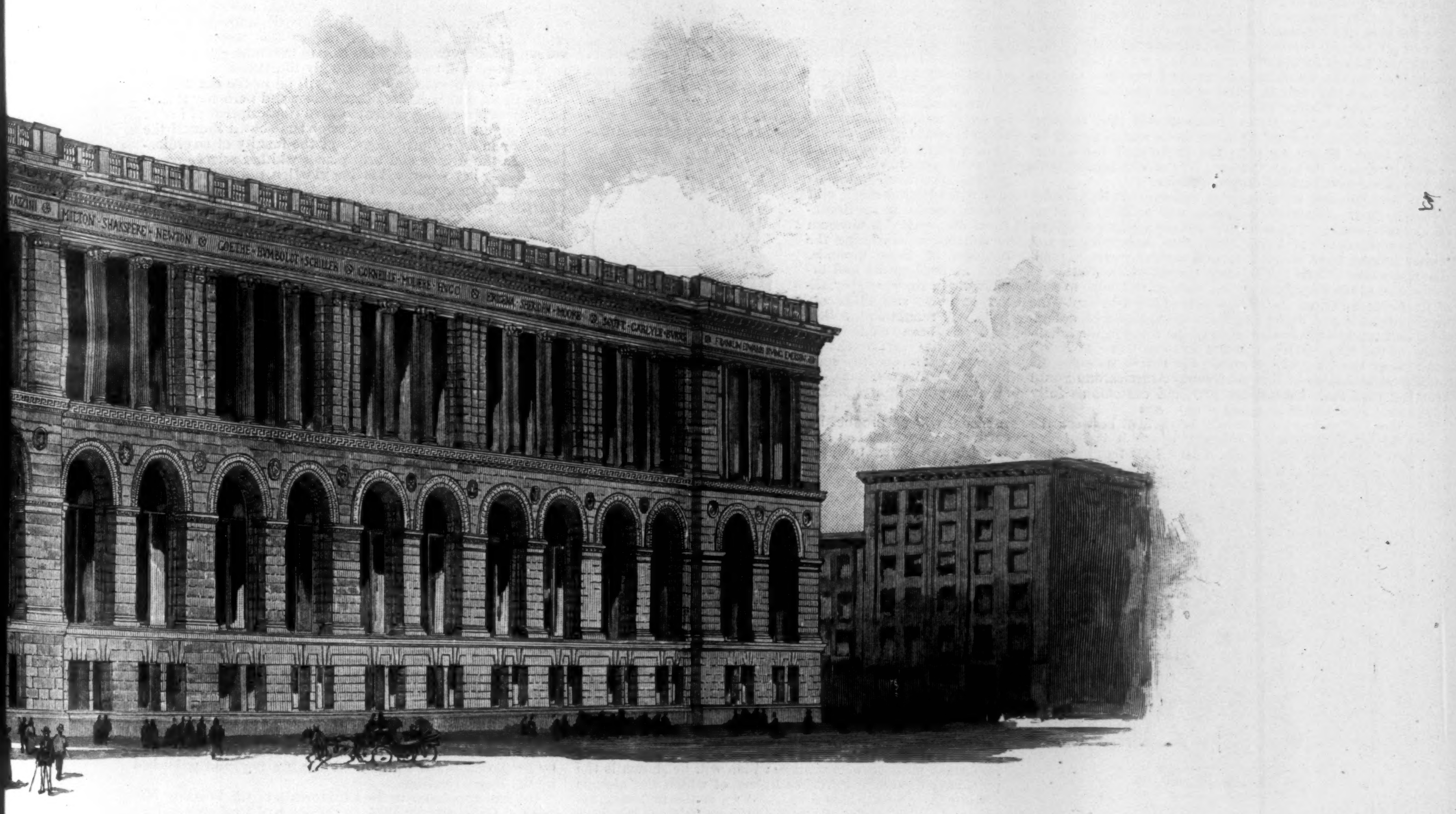
In the ceilings it is contemplated to place not plaster of Paris, but marbles or mosaics. The flooring of the interior will be of the latter design and material; the main staircase and the walls of the entrance vestibule, both on Washington and Randolph streets, and the corridors leading from them, will be of marble. The ceiling will be of light cream-colored terra-cotta, modelled and decorated in appropriate designs. The smaller staircases will be constructed of iron.

The delivery-room will be wainscoted to a height of 11 feet and 6 inches with marble. The walls above this will be treated in cream-colored terra-cotta, modelled and decorated in subjects gathered from the history of literature, and there will be a low elliptical dome over the room, forming a skylight. The floor of this room will be of marble, the large reading-room will have a base of marble, and the wall surface, which is treated everywhere in the form of pilasters, will be in light terra-cotta with an enriched ceiling of the same material. The large reference-room will be treated in the same material, but with a different detail.

The bindery-room, duplicate-room, and janitor's room will be finished in light brick, with a marble base. The walls of the stock-room will be built of white enamelled brick, and the floor of unglazed tile. The other rooms of the building—such as offices and work-rooms—will have a dado of Keene cement and floors of hardwood. The wood finish, whenever used, will be of quartered oak. The floors will be of steel beams and terra-cotta, or hollow tile arches.

The present quarters of the Public Library are by no means desirable. The books are placed in one large room on the top floor of the City Hall. This room has light sufficient, it is true, but the library is worthy of more space than is here given it. Subscribers are compelled to use elevators to reach the reading and distributing rooms, and the inconvenience is manifest when the great patronage is considered. However, all this will be corrected when the moving will have been done.

M. A. LANE.



—FROM THE ACCEPTED DESIGN BY SHEPLEY, RUTAN, AND COOLIDGE, ARCHITECTS.

ANTIQUITY AT THE FAIR.

THE forecast of the Ethnological Department in the Columbian Exposition promises an interesting system of a character to inspire the public mind to vast degrees of imagination. With the two or three non-commercial sections grouped in the magnificent series of spectacles projected—as the historical portion of the transportation exhibit, the government division of the relics of Columbus, etc.—this is prepared to awaken a purely intellectual interest of unlimited extent.

An opportunity equally complete in manifold aids to a comprehensive and vivid conception of the lengthened course of the life of mankind never before has been offered. The collection will illustrate human existence by the most elaborate means possible, as well as in a thoroughly scientific manner. The idea frequently held of the Ethnological Museum as a chaotic and crowded maze, with

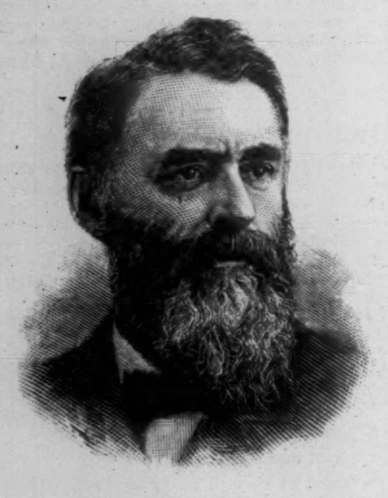
> "New things and old cotwisted
> As if time were nothing,"

will cease to be sustained in view of an arrangement planned in every feature with accentuated reference to time.

The vestiges of ancient civilization will be present in considerable extent in some of the national divisions. That of Mexico, for example, probably will be well represented in this form of exhibition. In the general and distinctive section officially known as Department M, apart from the illustration of the life of 1893 in its attractive heterogeneity, the visitor will plunge head over ears in the infinitely interesting depths of archæology pure and simple.

With the regard entertained for this proposed collection of principally scientific value, an entirely disinterested spirit is shown in foreign co-operation. This aid, accorded as it is from different parts of the world by the request of Professor Putnam as chief of the Ethnological Department, gives every desired advantage in the elaboration of his plan. The most important part of the collection will illustrate with remarkable comprehensiveness the life of man on the American continent. The material is obtained, to a large extent, from special exploration, by means of the grant of $150,000 for defraying expenses, although, fortunately, many contributions are to be received from museums and from private collections.

The first series in this section is planned to illustrate in diversified forms the conditions of human existence in America at the earliest period of which any traces of the life of man remain. In this will be included a group of diagrammatic paintings to show the terminal portions of the ice sheet with the clay and gravel deposits, and the bowlders at the edge, the flora and fauna of the time, and man associated with animals since extinct. The mammoth and the mastodon, with mounted specimens of the reindeer, musk-ox, and other Northern animals, living as the contemporaries of man far south of their present limits of habitation, are to be illustrated by natural specimens or in reproductions. A supplementary series in connection with the portions of human skeletons discovered in the glacial gravel of this early period will be in



PROFESSOR F. W. PUTNAM.

the relics of handiwork and other representations to show the origin and development of the primitive arts.

Next in order is the illustration of an epoch in the historic progress of nations. This will contain among other types a group of models of vessels and of buildings particularly illustrating the varied forms of domestic architecture. In the Paris Exposition of 1889, as has been remembered, a feature of similar character was very successfully developed. The purpose of Professor Putnam goes farther in the direction of a thorough representation of the various peoples in all the unfoldings of life history, not only with their native habitations, but in dress, implements, and weapons, in complete typical series, and in relics of their customs, ceremonies, etc., as never before attempted.

The traces of a past almost fabulous will thus be combined in a faithful record of momentous and common biological issues, beginning with the archetypal forms, and reaching onward through the long line of civilization, with its increasing multitude of differentiations.

The arrangement of groups of different races, actually living in their characteristic abodes, will be carried out on an extended scale. The races still inhabiting arctic regions will be represented by living types, with their summer and winter houses, their boats, dogs, and sledges, weapons, utensils, and works of arts. The same system of illustration as in the case of the Esquimau is continued in reference to each of the Northern tribes on the west side of the continent—the brachycephalic and dolichocephalic races of the ethnological classification—the Indian races of the interior, the inhabitants of the West Indies, and the Eastern tribes of North America at the time of Columbus, the native tribes of the Southwest, and those of Mexico, Central America, and South America, with their habitations, arts, and customs as fully and exactly represented as possible.

The scene of this exhibition will be divided between the gallery in the Liberal Arts Building, where it is assigned 200,000 feet of space, and a strip of land 1000 feet long and from 100 to 200 feet wide along the border of the lagoon in the southeastern portion of the grounds. An opportunity for picturesque effect is given in this situation as well as for ethnographical order. On this lake-shore background will be composed, with immense labor and skill, the living picture of the typical native peoples of different parts of America—the Maya of Yucatan in his palm-thatched dwelling, busied with such arts as pottery-making and basket-weaving; the Guatemalan lace-maker with his family; the pile-driver of Venezuela in his native house, supported on a platform over the water; with the natives of Vancouver Island and other parts of British Columbia, carrying on their characteristic industries. In similar manner the natives of Peru, Bolivia, Patagonia, and other South American regions will take their places in systematic order in divisions and groups, each dwelling in a habitation of his native style, dressed in native costume, and surrounded by characteristic household utensils, implements of his specific industry, and types of ornaments. For greater effect in this arrangement, the strip of earth is to be planted for the Northern tribes with their native pines and firs, and the natives of the tropics will dwell in a more luxuriantly developed floral environment, with palms and tropical plants taking their Lake Michigan outing for a season of six months.

To widen this view, to complete a study in descriptive anthropology entirely without precedent, Professor Putnam is endeavoring, with promise of success, to bring about exhibits of similar character from different countries as government responsibilities. As one of the features for which the Fair Commissioners have arranged, a Moorish village will be built on a plan offered by Hassan Ben Ali, in which will figure a company of 200 warriors of the El Bokhra tribe. In order to represent the several North American Indian tribes, the United States government co-operates with the Department of Ethnology, and will make a special exhibit of its Indian school system, and of other means in use for bringing the Indian into the general plan of national civilization. If possible, each tribe will be persuaded by the ethnological director to make an exhibit of its own, and collections of this kind will be added by some of the North American tribes.

In one series of this department, arranged to illustrate navigation and cartography, the collection will be enriched by loans of precious original maps, etc., and another series will exhibit inventions of succeeding epochs. The chapters of the story to be told are to gain much in vividness and force through the liberality of the owners of collections.

The prehistoric life on the American continent, in its fascination of unfathomable mystery, will be illustrated on a considerable scale by reproductions of various structures of unknown origin and use, in the form of remarkable earthworks—prehistoric mounds and embankments, cliff houses, pueblos in the Southwest, etc.—with a museum in connection exhibiting the contents of these mounds, such as implements and ornaments in stone, copper, silver, or bone, and other objects. A remarkable collection has been made from Ohio in the earthworks of strange conformation, combining squares, octagons, circles, and other figures, in many cases of great size, the illustrations to be in models as well as in plans and sketches. A model will be produced of the great serpent mound, an earth structure 1400 feet long, the symbol of ancient serpent worship in America, to some extent already familiar through archæological discussion. The great mound Cahokia in Illinois, as well as similar structures in Wisconsin and Minnesota, of immense size, and in figure representing man and different animals, will be illustrated in the same manner.

FLORIDA MOUND POTTERY.

With a series of models of the cliff houses and ruined pueblos of Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, a large collection of ancient pottery, ornaments, implements, etc., will be added from the same source. Other models of existing pueblos, as those of Moki and Zuñi, are to be reproduced as conceivably forming a direct link with past races, of which only ruins remain.

The reproduction of some portions of the great buildings in stone found in Central America, Mexico, and Peru, of which knowledge is yet comparatively limited, will constitute an attractive and important group; the illustration of these vast monuments of antiquity is to be expanded fully in the paintings, plans, and photographs which will be added, with casts and photographs of the tablets found in the interior of the temples, covered with pictorial and hierographical inscriptions. One of the types selected for the few casts of important portions of buildings which will be shown is the peculiarly decorated Portal of Labna, of which the moulds are already made. This is to be set up as the imposing entrance to one division of the exposition outside of the main building, forming an emblematic introduction to that section, planned as it is to contain a typical collection of symbolical ornamentation, façades of buildings, corner-pieces of characteristic design, etc., illustrative of different styles in architecture and sculpture.

A façade of the Palace of the Nuns at Uxmal—a vast architectural group with a court, and the monstrous heads above the portals as seen at Chichen-Itza—is another of these selections. The interest in this example is in a tradition of primitive construction in wood which it preserves, as well as in a distinctive quality in the mosaic-work characterizing the architecture of that type, fully illustrated in the splendid palaces of Mitla and Chichen-Itza, and of which this Uxmal work shows a peculiar form. As at Palenque and Chichen-Itza, a resemblance to images of Buddha is traced in the bass-reliefs of the structures of this site. In this system of construction the wall consists of a body of earth or clay, in which are embedded, as a facing, blocks and plates of stone, broken by hammering and set in framings as panels in forms of geometric ornamentation.

A rich supplement will be added with the entire collection of casts made in Paris from the moulds taken by M. Désiré Charnay in the Lorillard Expedition to Yucatan, which is now in the Peabody Museum, although not exhibited. This series contains about eighty reproductions, all from stone structures except one, that is colored to imitate the zapote wood of the original example. An illustration of curious and elaborate carving is to be seen in one great series of slabs in this collection, reproduced from the border around the Aztec sacrificial stone, which was seven feet in diameter.

POTTERY FROM AN ARKANSAS MOUND.

The material collected this year by the Peabody Museum Honduras Expedition will be loaned to this department, the moulds of some of the gigantic monoliths, altars, etc., existing among the ancient ruins of Copan having been made. Other interesting specimens, illustrating the system of sculptures and inscriptions have been obtained by the explorers from among the strange relics of that site, with some discoveries in one of the chambered tombs in stone that are to be added. The explorations in progress in other sections are reported as successful, the explorer in Peru having collected a large amount of material to illustrate the different ancient modes of burial, and the customs in this respect of the mound-building people of Ohio and of the stone-grave people in Tennessee will be correspondingly illustrated.

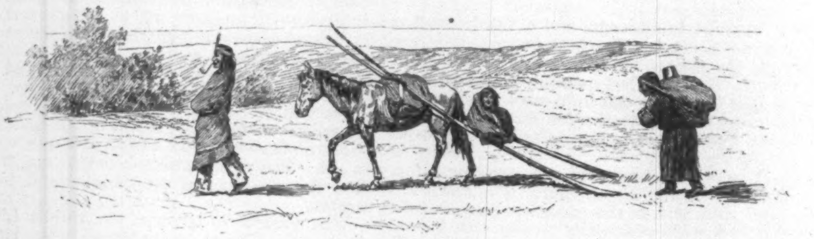
This reconnaissance altogether will be in the exact spirit of the times, and in its large simplicity and perfectly articulated form presenting a comparative transcription of life of the strongest interest. Its director has shown himself the possessor in an eminent degree of the faculty of co-ordination. In the dreary and arid places whither science sometimes leads her votaries, his imagination quickly discriminates the historic value of his materials, and in the practice of sifting he carries an unerring hand. His advantage in practical knowledge in his department is comparatively great, as he has done more field work than any other American archæologist. With the power of keen analysis in the elimination of the *kjokkenmöddings* character of any mass of material at his disposal, he shows always a subtle sense in the grouping of ideas and sentiments and a faultless perception of symmetry in the entire combination.

In publications of nearly ten years ago the French archæologists were beginning to refer to "M. Putnam" as "le savant professeur," and he is not without honor in his own country. While intensely devoted to a special line of research, he maintains a wide range of sympathies in the allied sciences, and is constantly ready to make his knowledge in any of these departments of public service. In 1882 he was appointed State Commissioner of the Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts, and served in that office for seven years. For three years he was president of the Boston Society of Natural History, and has been vice-president of the Essex Institute for a much longer period. He is president of the Boston Association of the American Folk-lore Society; fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the National Academy of Science, of the anthropological societies of Washington, Paris, London, and Brussels, and of the American Antiquarian Society; a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science—of which he has been permanent secretary since 1873—of the historical societies of Massachusetts, Maine, and Ohio, of the academies of science of Philadelphia, New York, and San Francisco, and of various other scientific, historical, and literary societies. His working powers are remarkably developed, and now at their maturity. He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on April 16, 1839, his parents, Ebenezer and Elizabeth Appleton Putnam, tracing an ancestry, the best in New England, to Massachusetts settlers of the first half of the seventeenth century. As an index of life inclination, may be found a catalogue of the birds of Essex County, prepared by Frederick Ward Putnam while yet a boy, and published by the Essex Institute.

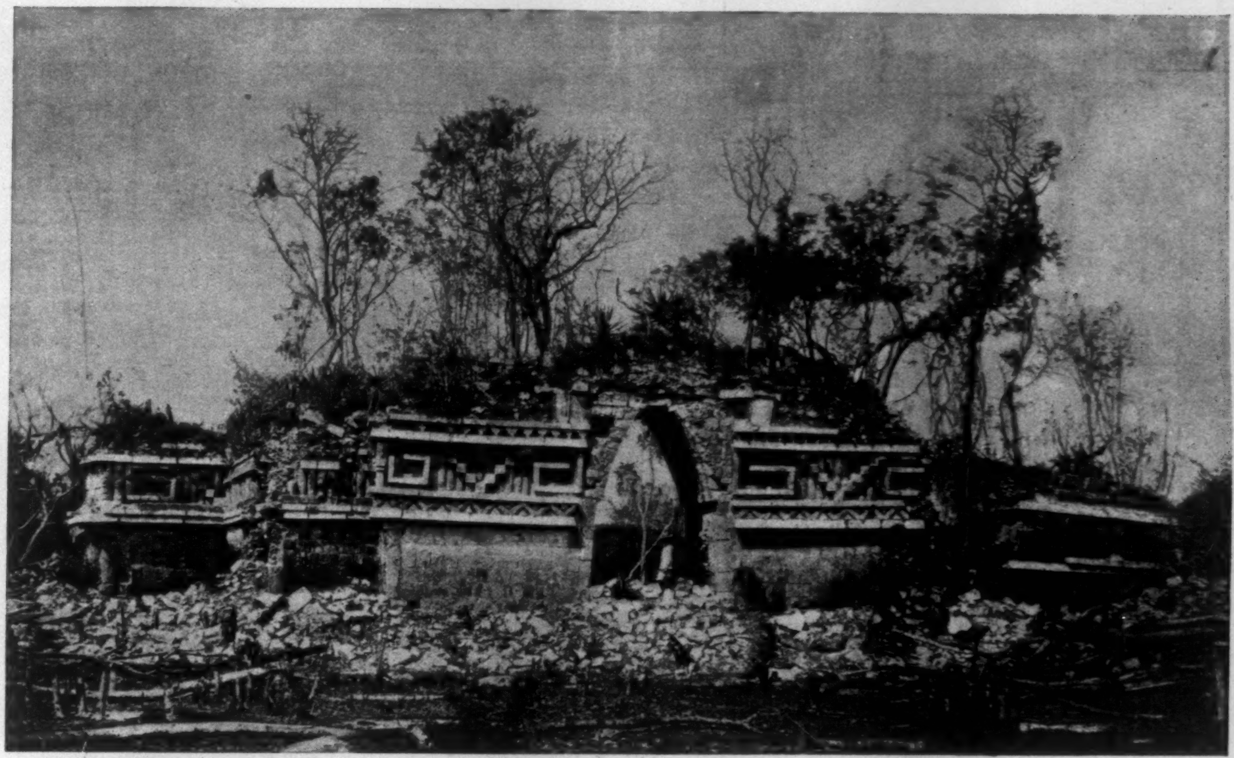
He was appointed to the Curatorship of the Peabody Museum at Cambridge in 1874, on the death of Professor Jeffries Wyman, under whose training his work at the university begun in his seventeenth year. He studied also with Asa Gray, and was an assistant with Professor Louis Agassiz in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at the same time. In 1886 he was elected to the new Professorship of American Archæology and Ethnology of Harvard College, and is chairman of Division XII. of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. He was one of the founders of the *American Naturalist*, and for some years its editor. In 1876 he was appointed by the Engineer Department of the United States army to take charge of and report upon the archæological collections made by the attachés of the geographical and geological survey directed by Lieutenant G. H. Wheeler, his report, completed in 1879 and incorporated in the publications of that survey, containing an exhaustive article on perforated stones that is estimated as one of the most important contributions to prehistoric archæology issuing in this country. By his labors of recent years the Peabody Museum of Harvard University has been developed with fine success, while his contributions to scientific literature have been numerous and valuable.

E. T. L.

PERUVIAN POTTERY.

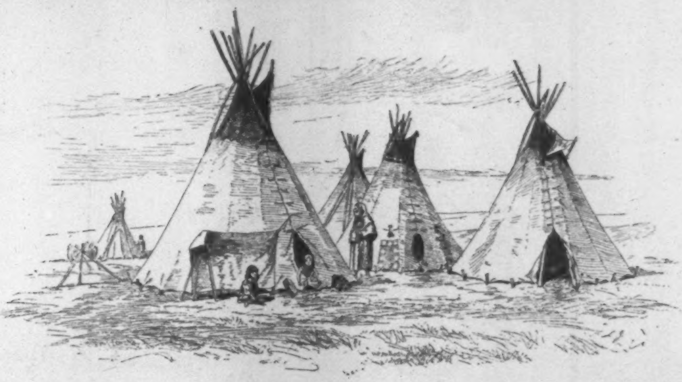


CREE INDIANS MOVING CAMP.



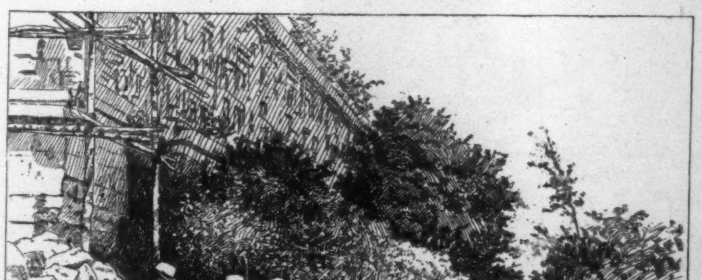
LABNA—PORTAL FROM COURT.—From a Photograph by H. N. Sweet for the Peabody Museum.

A WINNEBAGO MAT HOUSE.

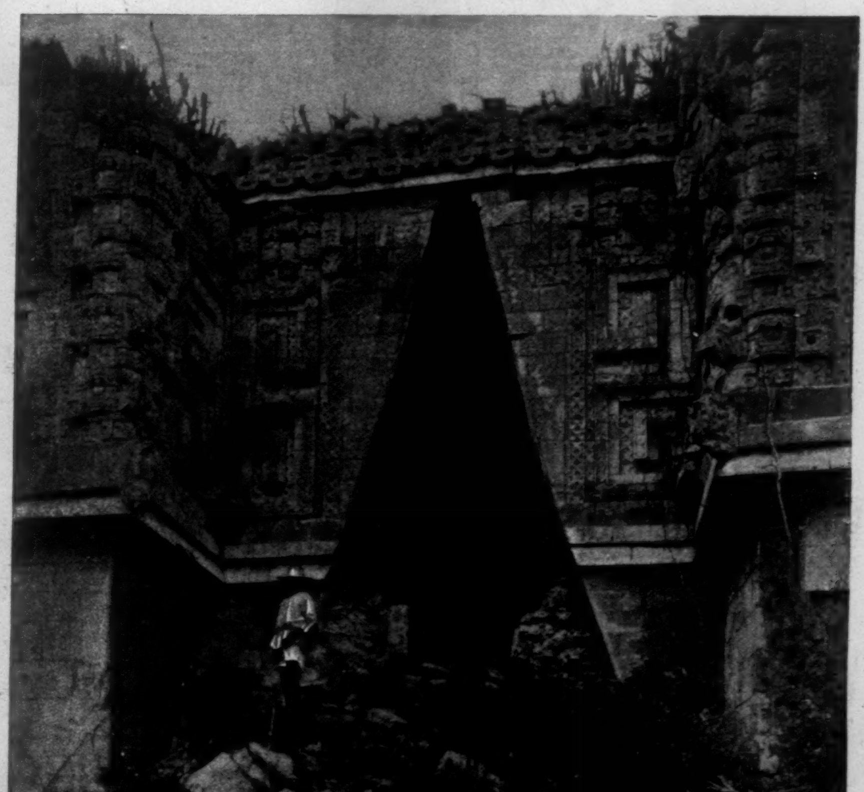


SAULTEUN INDIAN CAMP.

CREE INDIAN GRAVE.



PULP PRESS AT WORK.



UXMAL—SOUTHERN PORTION OF FAÇADE.—From a Photograph by H. N. Sweet for the Peabody Museum.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SPECIMENS OF THE ETHNOLOGICAL EXHIBIT.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

1. Constructing the great Building for Manufactures and Liberal Arts. 2. North Dakota State Building. 3. Wisconsin State Building. 4. The Government Building.

MULBERRY BEND, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 430.]

GENERAL SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

THE WORK AT HAMPTON.

WHEN the war ended, and the query, "What of the freedman?" abruptly followed, General Samuel Chapman Armstrong was one of the first sufficiently brave and hopeful to answer, "Educate him. Give him tools as well as books; teach him the use of both, and let him work out his own salvation"; and he started himself to show the way.

The development of his idea may now be viewed in the light of a national institution, and has at no time been as interesting as at the present.

The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, General Armstrong's life work, is the parent of a system of industrial schools extending throughout the South, and of the government schools for Indians as well.

It has grown incredibly in both work and influence, and is a notable instance of the possible accomplishment of one earnest man. In November last, while speaking for his cause in Boston, General Armstrong was stricken with paralysis, and taken for a time from his work.

A committee of fifty women of New York were first to offer aid in carrying it on, and the school is at present a subject of more than wonted local interest. What it is doing, and what, with proper aid, it can do, are questions that will naturally occur.

Hampton Institute is a populous little village now. In war-times there were ten thousand refugee contrabands camped in the old Virginia town, protected by Fortress Monroe. Sixteen of them, quartered in a leaky barracks, formed General Armstrong's first school. Now there are nearly a thousand at work in the shops and school-rooms. Eighty teachers and instructors and fifty-eight buildings in the institute property.

The red brick halls, brown shops and factories, and white cottages are effectively grouped, with smooth green lawns between and shining roads of shell.

General Armstrong's home is in the centre, facing the open "Roods," and near by the tall tower of the Marquand Memorial Chapel completes the picture. These buildings have cost $525,000 above the labor of the students, partially employed in their construction, and have almost been given by friends.

There are 518 negro boys and girls and 136 Indians enrolled as boarders, and in the Whittier day school and kindergarten 300 more. The students come from the cabin homes of the old slave States and the tepees of the far West, equipped, perhaps, with the rough preparatory training the district or reservation schools have given, but fair types of the ignorance and need of their respective races.

They return raised to the plane of the white man's knowledge and civilization, to teach in turn their people. Six hundred and four Hampton graduates have taught in colored public schools, and the children indirectly reached by their work numbers 129,000. Others are practising professions, preaching, building homes, and organizing whole hamlets in industrial enterprises all through the South. One is principal of the great school at Tuskegee, Alabama, and several are teaching in the various other offshoots of Hampton.

Three hundred and eighteen Indians have been returned to their tribes, and these, with few exceptions, have proved efficient missionaries. The first Indians received at Hampton came in 1878—seventeen young captives brought by Captain Pratt from old Fort Marion in St. Augustine.

The "experiment" of teaching them resulted successfully. Captain Pratt soon afterward organized the school at Carlisle, as the result of his co-experience with General Armstrong, and the idea of Indian education has been constantly extending since.

But Hampton's greater work has, of course, been for the freedmen. It has accomplished its mission in their behalf many times over.

A day at the school is an interesting experience, particularly to one from the North. At noon the students are gathered at Virginia Hall for dinner, summoned by a bugle call from the schools and shops. Standing in the long hall, with folded hands, waiting for the singing of the grace, are 317 colored boys in blue uniforms, and 201 girls, and in an adjoining room 89 Indian youths and 47 maidens. The grace is sung, the meat is served and eaten, and as the students troop away for the afternoon's duties, it is interesting to follow.

Each colored student has a weekly allotment of work arranged in courses, with the studies to aid in his own support. Sixteen of the Indians are also partially independent in this way. The others are supported by the government, and are given work only as an educational means. The workers are found busy in a score of shops. In the Huntington Industrial Works they are sawing 2,000,000 feet of timber annually, planing, joining window-frames, and making wheelbarrows. Others are handling steel-work in a machine-shop, running a great engine, draughting, and applying mathematics to very creditable engineering. Nine young men and women are getting out a newspaper and binding books. Seventy-three young tailoresses are making thousands of garments yearly, and a knitting-works near by, thousands of mittens.

Harness-makers and shoemakers, painters, blacksmiths and tinsmiths, carpenters and sturdy young farmers, are all hard at it, and are doing well. And the girls are found not only in the tailor shop, but in the cooking-school and the laundry, in the gardens, and wherever there is house-work to be done.

The school-rooms are open day and night, too. Each student secures a thorough academic education, and enjoys, in addition, the privileges of library, laboratory, and lecture-rooms.

With work and study, they find full time for social enjoyment. The young men form a military organization; the girls have their societies; and boys and girls together, their music and debating clubs.

Homelike ways of living are taught with especial care, and in the dormitories the quaint neatness and efforts at decoration are apt to touch the pathetic sense. The Sabbath services are non-sectarian, and beautiful in their simplicity.

Each June a class of young workers is sent back to the broad field from which they have come, and the work goes steadily on.

Hampton is admirably organized. The yearly cost comes from various sources; $156,000 is expended, including the amount paid the students for their work; $57,000 is returned in the sale of the manufactured goods, leaving a net expense of about $100,000. The State of Virginia gives $10,000 annually, and the Federal government $20,000 toward the education of the Indians; $10,000 more comes from the interest of endowment funds; and the $60,000 remaining, from the gifts of friends.

This amount General Armstrong has been raising each year by his personal efforts in the North. It has been subscribed mainly in scholarships of $70 each, the amount required for a student's academic education.

When General Armstrong was stricken down there still remained $18,000 to complete the present year's work, and this amount the women of the New York committee hope to secure. The address of their treasurer, Miss Helen Turnbull, is No. 5 West Sixteenth Street, New York city. To add to the permanent support of General Armstrong's school as well as to bring present aid is the great desire of those now engaged in his service.

General Armstrong has passed his life in work for the under races in the fight. He was born in Hawaii, where his father was engaged in missionary labor, and passed the years of his minority on the island. Coming to the States, he finished a course at Williams College in time to go to the front with a New York regiment, and was shortly afterward at the head of colored troops. He was agent of the Freedman's Bureau at Fortress Monroe during reconstruction days, and it was in this service that the idea of his lifework came to him. He is resting quietly at Hampton now, gradually recovering his lost strength, and always the idol of his dusky charges.

GEORGE MCANENY, JUN.

THE BETTING SUBALTERN.

BY FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

MAJOR BOFFIN was slowly walking up and down the dusty strip of ground in front of the band stand of the station when an orderly handed him a bunch of letters. One or two of them bore the official heading on the envelope, and these the Major dropped into his pocket immediately. There was one, however, which he tore open and read with apparent interest. It had a home postmark on it, and this is the way it read:

"CORK, *June* —, 189-.

"DEAR BOFFIN,—You will get in your new detail of men a fellow named Baxter. Look out for him! He calls himself a 'country boy,' and I can readily believe it. A more confirmed betting man and a more —— lucky one never pipeclayed a service belt. He'll bet on anything from a horse-race to the number of weevils he can pick out of his bread when it's mouldy, and he'll skin you out of your boots and perhaps your commission before he leaves, unless you look sharp. You see, I know your weakness and his. So take warning, my boy. He'll best you if you put up anything against him. Yours, MCGUIRK."

The Major read the letter again, gave a somewhat contemptuous sniff, said, "Confound McGuirk's impudence!" and resumed his walk. Suddenly he stopped, and there was a smile of great satisfaction on his face. "Oh, I see how it was. He's 'pinched' the Colonel; that's how it was. But he won't pinch me. I'll take a rise out of the fellow."

Whereupon he turned toward the residency, and when there fell to studying the "lists." Among the new men he found the name "Baxter." The Major looked satisfied, and filling a pipe, commenced to smoke furiously.

That evening, after he'd taken a bite, he walked down to "quarters." It was not a usual thing for Major Boffin to drop in informally upon the men when they were "off duty," and his advent created not a little surprise. There were a number of them in the long room, and among them most of the new men. A man near the upper end of the room was sitting on the edge of a table, and he had evidently been talking to the rest when the Major entered. There was a hush when the officer appeared, and even the older ones left off making game of the new recruits. The Major was the personification of dignity, and not a little of a disciplinarian. The men felt somewhat awed. Not so the fellow on the table. He nonchalantly drummed on the table leg with his heels, and, after giving a hasty glance to the portly form of the Major, went on:

"I tell y', mixing with the Magyurs don't do a man no good. There's not one o' y' but's forgotten y'r old ways. And it's but r'asonable, with the h'athen manners o' them round y'. What one o' y' can dance an ould country jig? Not a one. More's the shame. Y'r N'utch-girls, or whatever y' call them, may be all right; but it's the jig that makes a man feel that he's got feet."

One of the men ventured a mild protest; but the man on the table came down on him immediately.

"Away with y'r talk! Y' may say what y' like, I'll bet there's not one o' y' can give me a jig that's worth the name o' such!"

The Major, who was watching the speaker, could not help thinking that he was looking at *him*. But the idea seemed too preposterous, and he dismissed it immediately.

The challenger looked around, but no one replied, and he went on, in a jeering tone:

"I knew it. There's not a one of y' but's forgotten all he ever knew. Five pounds that there's not a man in th' room that can jig. Five pounds that not a man can give us a turn on th' table here."

The Major felt sure that it was he at whom the last challenge was particularly directed. He was mystified.

Then some one in the crowd remarked that "that Baxter was a smart 'un," and the Major started. So this was Baxter; the man of whom McGuirk had warned him to beware! The Major didn't think he looked so devilishly clever. And willing to make a bet on such an uncertainty as this! Dancing a jig! Why, he used to be a pretty good hand at it himself. He fancied he could do a turn now which would surprise them all. McGuirk didn't know what he was talking about. How he would like to take him down a bit!

Baxter taunted them again with their inability to dance. "Y're a nice set! Five pounds that y' can't jig!"

The Major had an idea. Why couldn't he take up the fellow himself? But, no! decidedly he couldn't do that. What a figure he would cut before the men—he, the dignified, proper Major Boffin, of her Majesty's —th! But, on the other hand, what a feather it would be in his cap to be able to win a bet from this fellow, and show McGuirk he didn't know what a sharp fellow he, the Major, was! He was having a hard struggle with himself, when Baxter's bantering voice came again to him.

"What a set y' are! Five pounds not one o' y' can jig on the table, and not a taker!"

"Yes, there is," said the Major. "I'll take that bet, my man!"

The men looked at him in blank surprise. Their officer dance! They couldn't believe their ears.

But the Major was determined. He was furiously red; he knew that; but he didn't hesitate. It was a rule of his, when once he'd made up his mind to do a thing to carry it out, no matter what might occur. Besides, he felt a certain pride in being able to show off to advantage before his men in something else than the duties of his official position.

Baxter came forward. "D' y' mean it?" he said.

"I do, most certainly," said the Major.

"Done it is, then," returned Baxter. "Up on the table, sor!"

And the Major got up. The men looked on in a state of absolute petrification.

Baxter started in whistling a jig which made the Major's blood tingle. It brought back all the memories of old times. He forgot all about his dignity, all about his rank, all about everything but the matter in hand—jigging. Faster and faster went the whistling, faster and faster flew the Major's legs. His feet twinkled in and out in steps which he thought he had long since forgotten. He fairly outdid any previous effort he had ever made.

Then the whistling ran into a double-quick bar or two, and ended in a grand burst which threw all that had gone before into the shade. The Major executed a movement which was beyond description, and red and perspiring, slid off the table and dropped into a chair. The men came down in a storm of applause which made the loose articles in the room dance themselves.

"Y've won!" was all Baxter said, as he passed over a five-pound note to the Major; and the latter could not help wondering that he took his loss so easily.

With all his exultancy that he had won his bet, and could "crow" over McGuirk for his mistake, the Major somehow felt that the men were secretly laughing at him, and he hurriedly pocketed the note tendered him, and left the room.

When he was in his own room, he sat down and softly chuckled to himself. How he had fooled that fellow Baxter, to be sure; and how mad McGuirk would be! He felt so good over it that he immediately wrote to the latter as follows:

"GUNGE STATION, INDIA, *July* —, 189-.

"DEAR MCGUIRK,—Your note came to hand, and also your 'betting subaltern.' The first was welcome, but the warning it contained showed that you did not know your man. The second, as a betting man, is a dead, flat failure. The first night I saw him he bet five pounds that not one of us here could dance a jig. I took him up, and gave him a jig in 'quarters,' which, if I say it myself, was all that could be desired. Have you any more 'betting subalterns'? If you have, send them on. I like them.

"Yours, BOFFIN."

The Major sent that letter off by the next mail, and was in a good humor for the rest of the week. Whenever he saw Baxter, he looked at him in a way which plainly said, "You may be sharp, but I don't think so."

One day he got another batch of letters from home. There was a letter from Cork among them. It read:

"CORK, *September* —, 189-.

"BOFFIN,—You —— fool! You conceited jackass! You consummate old idiot! I told you not to bet against that fellow Baxter, and you did it! You 'danced a jig,' did you? Well, that rascal bet me five pounds before he left here that he'd have you dance a jig before he'd been with you a week; and you did it! You drivelling, blind old ass! You're devilishly clever, aren't you? Never talk to me of your smartness. MCGUIRK."

Major Boffin's respect for the subaltern Baxter has had a considerable rise.

AMATEUR SPORT

THERE HAS BEEN SOME TALK of the revision by the New York Yacht Club Committee of the Deed of Gift, but it is so vague we hesitate to say anything about it, less hopes that are not likely to be fulfilled be raised for international racing. There are a number of prominent members of the N.Y.Y.C. who have been quietly but earnestly at work for some time endeavoring to bring about a consideration of the present or new Deed of Gift. Whether this deed is an equitable one has been discussed again and again, and there are as many differences of opinion now as there were at the beginning. Fair or unfair, the fact remains that we have had no international yacht-race since '87, and that the cause thereof is this same much-discussed Deed of Gift. We are much in need of some stimulus to brace up some of our classes that seem fast disappearing, and if the New York Yacht Club can bring about international racing again, it will be entitled to the gratitude of American yachtsmen. In the mean time discussion of the matter is going on, and will probably result in a meeting called for the purpose of taking up the subject.

CAPTAIN BARR, OF MR. ROGERS's new 46-footer *Wasp*, began "bending" sails on her last Thursday. The rain of the following days stopped him, but he probably got her out for her first trial Monday or Tuesday while we were on the press. The performance of this yacht will be watched very closely; she has been built for the express purpose of beating the *Gloriana*, and no more comprehensive description can be given of her than that she is built on the lines of Mr. Morgan's yacht, "only a little more so." The *Wasp* is the *Gloriana* out-Glorianaed—*i. e.*, "on lines." Whether she will do as much in the way of speed remains to be seen.

The 21-footers continue building. There are nineteen now nearing completion, and we shall see all types represented—centre board, fin keel, etc. If there are not some upsets—actual upsets—caused by abnormal development of pet hob-

bies this season, some owners will have occasion to thank their lucky stars.

After agitating the subject of a polo schedule that would separate the dates by longer intervals, and thereby give the second-class men greater opportunities for play with the first class at home, the Association met last week and decided to make no change. They arranged a season's schedule that is practically a duplicate of last year's, and means unfulfilled dates and listless play, unless there comes over the polo men a wave of energetic interest that will make them infinitely keener than they were after the first few weeks in '91. Thus far the dates are: Meadow Brook Club, June 6–10; Westchester Club, June 13–18; Essex County Club, June 20–25; Philadelphia Country Club, June 27th to July 2d; Rockaway Club, July 4–9; Oyster Bay, July 11–16; Newport, August 15–27; Myopia Hunt Club (Boston), September 5th. Morris County Club, Harvard, and Tuxedo have as yet claimed no dates. The first two will do so later, or they may be content with visiting the tournaments near by. They will both have strong teams. Harvard particularly, if it puts out its full strength, should do some good work. Young Whitney, whose excellent play at Newport will be remembered, may join the Westchester team. Morris County ought to make a good record this year; they had plenty of practice last season, and team-work is a valuable acquisition.

The Tuxedo Club will probably have no dates until late in the season. The old field, on which so much money was spent, has been abandoned, and a new one is being made that will cost quite as much, if not more. The club intends having a first-class field, cost what it may.

It is hard to understand why the Polo Association persists in following a schedule that wears out players, ponies, and spectators, and must contract, to some extent, interest in the game. The only two dates more or less obligatory are June 20–25 (Essex), when the Governor's Challenge Cup is played for, and June 27th to July 2d, at Philadelphia, for the Kuhn Challenge Cup. All the rest of the season is at the disposal of the various clubs, and even two set appointed dates could easily be changed were it advisable to make such an effort. As it is now, from the time the season opens, on through to the middle of July, there are but two days' interval between the closing of one week's play and the opening of the next, hardly enough time to easily transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and filled dates during the first couple of weeks, but after that it will be as it was last year, when scratching was the order of the day, and a week's play was brought down to about two matches.

In the mean time the second-class men are being neglected, which appears to be extremely short-sighted policy, when it is considered that they must be drawn upon in case of depletion in the first ranks. The scheme put forth by several of the more long-headed members of the Association, to have but three or four sectional tournaments and one grand tournament, centrally located, which might represent the National Championship, had so much to recommend it that its rejection seems incomprehensible. The present plan is certainly not the best for perpetuating the interest or science of the game, but then the average polo-playing Country Club man cares little for the furtherance of the game, and much for his own comfort.

Play last year for the Association Cups, which represent the championship, was a farce, and this year an effort is to be made to sustain interest sufficiently to prevent "scratching." The Cups have heretofore cost $200; this year $400 are to be expended. They will be played for during the Myopia week, and it is intended to make the contest memorable. Polo has had something of a boom around Boston in the last year or so, and they are going at it in the right way. They have plenty of work among themselves, and in this way develop the old and discover new material.

The result of the open handicap tennis tournament at Cannes, France, in which Ollie Campbell, Marion R. Wright, and Deane Miller competed, rather goes to substantiate the opinion expressed herein several weeks ago. Campbell, who had just returned from an extensive yachting trip, was ranked even (each owing 12 points) with H. S. Barlow and William Renshaw, ex-champion of England. This looks as though the Englishmen have, after all, considerable respect for our champion, despite their denying him the right of a contest with the present English champion without working his way through the Wimbledon tournament. In the first round Campbell met a poor player, and giving him 60 points out of a possible 72, was defeated, 72–51. Miller and Wright, on the other hand, had quite a red-letter day. The former, with 18 points allowed, defeated Barlow, 72–57, and was in turn defeated by Wright, score 72–60. This brought Wright against Renshaw in the final round, and the American won by 72–65. Mr. Campbell has now begun practice in earnest, and when once he has attained his form, we have every confidence in his ability to render a good account of himself.

The proposed college athletic meeting under A.C.S.N. auspices, to be held May 17–18 at Philadelphia, continues to grow in scope. It has developed from a mere scheme into a certain fixture that is gaining support on all sides. Representatives from all the colleges making any athletic pretensions are assured, and everything is being done by the projectors to bring together the college athletes of America in a carnival of amateur sport pure and simple. It is a movement that deserves support from every college athletic committee in the country. The entries of graduates are invited, provided they are sent with the sanction of their respective colleges.

The charge of professionalism made in the last few days against the University of Pennsylvania nine, or, to be more explicit, against Bayne, who has been pitching such clever ball, I am inclined to believe, after careful investigation, to be groundless. The only excuse for such a charge I can discover is that he played last summer on a nine composed of Lehigh and U. of P. men at Atlantic City and Lebanon, Pennsylvania, during which time his expenses were paid, and that later in September he returned to Philadelphia, where he played on the Bank-Clerks' Nine, pitching seventeen games, and having his board at six dollars per week paid while doing so. If this makes Bayne a professional, then I can pick out some of the star players on Harvard, Yale, and Princeton nines who are equally guilty. It is quite the usual thing for college ball-players to play on summer amateur nines and tour the country at the expense of some athletic or other club. It is a question whether this is strictly amateur; there seems, however, nothing more professional in it —provided, of course, it is properly done—than paying the expenses of touring athletic or bicycle teams, and certainly not nearly so reprehensible as the practice of the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs, in practically boarding their crack men from the opening to the closing of the season. Personally, I am opposed to the scope given this expense ruling; it opens too many avenues of escape, and gives too great an opportunity of masquerading. There ought to be a rule absolutely prohibiting college athletes from having their expenses paid except by the regular college athletic associations, and then only in travelling to keep dates. But there is none. The baseball ruling is very loose, and the worst of it is the larger colleges have shown no disposition to revise the present law. In the mean time captains and athletic committees must keep their eyes open.

Comparing the Harvard and Yale nines from their games with the University of Pennsylvania, it looks as though the first will do the heavier hitting and the second the cleaner fielding. Bowers and Jackson are steadier, and likely to do more effective work on the average than Highlands and Upton, whose work is brilliant and mediocre by turns. If Upton would throw all the time as he does occasionally, he would save Harvard many points; he and Highlands make a wonderfully strong battery when both are in top form. Harvard's in-field is very good with one exception, and in that case it seems to be a good man out of his element. In the out-field, Hallowell and Mason have been doing some hard hitting and good fielding.

On Yale's team Carter is a fine mark for the in-fielder, Norton has the bearing of a veteran, Captain Murphy accepts all chances, and a little later will be a marvel in that position. Third is Yale's weak point, and if repeatedly besieged will be costly. The out-garden has three good fielders, but Harvard outclasses them in batting.

Thus far the men have been acquiring practice, and their present form will, of course, be greatly improved. Harvard appears to need stiff games, and if her men get to fielding cleanly, and Highlands has no off-day, it will be a very formidable team. Harvard's possibilities seem greater than either Yale's or Princeton's; it remains to be seen whether they will reach them.

Princeton should devote the remaining days of the preliminary season to making batters of four or five of her men. The past week has been spent on the Southern tour, and the games have been easy ones, and not calculated to do the team any good. The first hard play the men will have since the very beginning will be on the 27th, when the U. of P. nine arrives at Princeton. It will be a close game—closer, probably, than was either Harvard's or Yale's, for neither of these has such a man in the box as Young. It looks as though it would be a pitchers' battle. Ten days later, May 7th, Harvard and Princeton, at Princeton, play the first of the championship series.

The Amateur Baseball League season is about to open, and a prospective glance shows that, as heretofore, the Staten Island Athletic Club appears the most promising, because more money is put into the team and more care given to its management. Van Zant will pitch, in spite of his various contracts with professional teams. Kraus will probably catch him. The rest of the nine will be much as last season, except that Macdonald, who was so badly treated by the Englewood Field Club last year, will probably play in the outfield. The New Jersey Athletic Club, which won the A.A.U. championship last season, is now in this league, and promises to win second place, and may even beat out the S.I.A.C. The Bergen Point team will be composed almost entirely of amateurs; Westervelt, of last year's E.F.C. team, will pitch, and Currie will catch as heretofore. Chauncey will cover third. Although the Englewood Field Club is slightly weaker this year, through the change of pitchers, Corwin not being so good a man as Westervelt, it has rather the best chance of third place. The amateur catcher Cuming is a good man, and will probably do as well as Gaunt did last season, if not better. There will be no other changes of importance, except that Gaunt will probably play in the outfield and captain the team. The fourth nine in the league is the Staten Island Cricket Club. It is expected that Tyng, the old Harvard man, will once more try his luck as a pitcher, but his entire let up through ill health last season will probably weaken his game. The rest of the team will not be materially changed. The retirement of the Crescents is regretted, but the long journey down to Bay Ridge was a great trouble for the other teams, and on that account their sorrow is somewhat appeased.

The Harvard crew in many respects has shown marked improvement during the past week. The men handle their oars better, and keep their shell on a much more even keel. To a casual observer the rowing is all that could be desired, but the crew is by no means so good as it looks. While the men swing fairly well together, there are times when breaks occur, and it is this unsteadiness which has caused me thus far this season to take a conservative view of the crew's prospects. For instance, there is a bad break between 4 and 5 frequently—a break probably due to Lynam's forgetting to watch the man in front of him—which completely changes the uniformity of the crew, and makes it appear like two four-oars. The four stern men work well together, and are comparatively steady. But it will take a deal of coaching to get the bow four into shape. Winthrop does not put as much life into his work as he should. His rowing is more like that of a man who wishes he was somewhere else. According to his reputation about Cambridge, he is one of the strongest men of his weight in college; but according to what has been seen of his rowing, he by no means comes up to his reputation. Newell does not seem to get out of the heavy way of handling his oar. It appears to be lead in his hands. There is none of that freedom of motion in his rowing which marks a skilful oar. However, he is good for all there is in him, and while he may not ever become a finished oar, it is safe to say that the bow of the Harvard boat will be well taken care of. One fault common to every man in the boat is in the management of the slide. They are let go too quickly, and instead of being held for an instant on the catch, they start almost before the oars touch the water. This accounts in great part for the slow rate of speed which the crew attains, considering the amount of brawn and muscle of which it is composed. It makes the stroke short, and prevents the men giving that good long lug at the oars. It will be well worth Mr. Adams's time to pay a little more attention to this fault, which at present is, in my opinion, the worst feature in the Harvard's crew.

Bowers has pitched some good ball for the Yale nine, and although not a phenomenon, has shown a steady improvement. His batting gave Yale a chance to take revenge upon Pennsylvania in the second game, Beall and Kedzie being the only other men from New Haven to find Bayne. Kedzie's fielding still remains very shaky, and will make a bad corner in Yale's diamond if he cannot better it. Beall at the bat is a born bunter, as he proved upon occasion last year, and will beat many a ball out on the run to first. Carter is playing a first-class game, and although Captain Murphy may use him occasionally as a change pitcher, he will probably keep him on first most of the time. He is a long-armed treasure to throw at.

The Yale crew, under Mr. Cowles's coaching, has been Johnson (bow), Balliet, Van Huyck, Paine, Graves, Hartwell, Ives, and Gallaudet. The most marked feature accompanying this change and Cowles's coaching has been the improvement of Paine. He certainly is rowing in much better form, and having four men in front of him instead of two has apparently given him a greatly needed stimulus toward holding himself together.

The report that the crew has been sent over the four-mile course on time, and that the time was poor, is hardly worth considering. There is little to be gathered from such trials, because the water of the harbor in April is a thoroughly unreliable quantity. A little wind kicks up a sea that will throw out the calculation of even the most experienced waterman.

Caspar W. Whitney.

THE "GLORIANA" CUP.

When Mr. E. D. Morgan had commissioned the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company to build him a racing yacht that would veritably astonish the natives, he bethought himself of an appropriate name with which he might christen this prospective queen of the waters. From the queen of the waters to the queen of the fairies was an easy transition, and suggested Gloriana, "that greatest glorious queene of Faery lond," of whose charms Spenser sings in the first canto of his "Faerie Queene," and to win whose favor the Knight of the Red Crosse,

"Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad,"

went forth to prove his "puissance in battell brave." No yacht ever proved her claims to such recognition more effectually than did Mr. Morgan's 46-footer last season. Beginning with her very first race in dirty weather on the New York Bay, she showed her right to the queenhood. She went through the water on that day as though her prototype was smiling an approval on her namesake, and had marshalled the forces of fairyland to speed her on the road to victory.

In all kinds of weather and against all comers the *Gloriana* raced through the entire season, and never once lowered her colors. The special event for 46-footers given by the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York was her signal victory of the year, and the club determined to celebrate the occasion by a prize that should be in keeping with the winner's fame. They turned the matter over to the Whiting Manufacturing Company, and that they have succeeded in commemorating the event handsomely may be seen by the accompanying sketch of the cup.

Even a close study of this drawing can give no adequate idea of the rare beauty of the cup. The lines of that "greatest" Gloriana seated on the shell, symbol of her prototype's nativity, are exquisite in the classic modelling. Severe, as becoming the dignity of her rank, though graceful, she sits there a queen every inch of her. From the sole of her sandal to the crown of her head she is Gloriana, "the greatest glorious queene." In her right hand she carries Mr. Morgan's private signal, while on her left upper arm she wears an armlet bearing the Corinthian Yacht Club monogram. About the bowl is the line from Spenser, and on its base the record of the race. The club and Mr. Morgan may well be proud of the cup, for in its conception and elaboration it is probably the finest production of its kind.

THE "GLORIANA" CUP.

THE OPERA HOUSE, OMAHA,
WHERE THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD.

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in 1784. Eight years later, namely, in 1792, its first regular General Conference, appointed by the Bishops, with the approval of the majority of the widely scattered District Conferences, and composed of the preachers who had been received into full connection, was held in the city of Baltimore. It made many changes in the Discipline or statute-book of the Church. Prior to that Conference the members of the Annual Conferences could make laws for the whole Church, the method being to propose the desired measure to the various conferences held successively in any one year, and in case such measure was approved by a majority present and voting in each, it was incorporated in the Discipline. But the acts of this Conference of 1792 took the power of making disciplinary changes and the power to elect Bishops and other general executive officers from the Annual Conferences sitting separately, and vested them in a quadrennial General Conference. The General Conference then became a permanent institution, and since that date it has been the supreme authority of the Church.

At the first quadrennial session the question, "Who shall compose the General Conference?" was thus answered, "All the travelling preachers who shall be in full connection at the time of holding the Conference." And this was the rule until 1800, when the changed answer read, "All the preachers who have *travelled four years*, and are in full connection at the time of holding the Conference." Four years later the answer was further amended so as to say, "All the preachers who shall have travelled four years *from the time they were received on trial in an Annual Conference*," etc. In 1808 the system of Delegated General Conferences was provided for, and under this provision the first ensuing General Conference, that of 1812, was composed of delegates from the Annual Conferences, the ratio of representatives being one for every five members in full connection in those conferences severally. That ratio has been still further changed from time to time, and now is *one for every forty-five.*

In 1872 another and radical change in the composition of the General Conference was made—namely, that of the introduction of lay delegates; and since that date the presence and active co-operation of laymen have been prominent and grateful features of every General Conference. The statutory law of the Church now requires that the General Conference shall be composed of ministerial and lay delegates. The ministerial delegates shall consist of one delegate for every forty-five members of each Annual Conference, to be appointed either by seniority or choice at the discretion of such General Conference, yet so that such representatives shall have travelled at least four full calendar years from the time they were received on trial by an Annual Conference, and are in full connection at the time of holding the Conference. The lay delegates shall consist of two laymen for each Annual Conference, except such Conferences as shall have but one ministerial delegate, which Conferences shall each be entitled to one lay delegate. The lay delegates shall be elected by an Electoral Conference of Laymen, and must be at least twenty-five years of age, and must have been full members of the Church for at least five years. No Annual Conference can be organized with less than twenty members.

The Bishops are not members of the Annual Conferences, and have no right to vote either in the Annual or General Conferences; but are presiding officers in both, and in the intervals of the sessions of the General Conferences are the law interpreters of the Church, their decisions being subject in all cases to revision by the General Conference. At the opening of each General Conference they usually present a written address reporting the general condition of the Church and their own official administration, and making such recommendations as they may deem best. Thenceforward during the sessions they successively occupy the Chair, and perform other services as may be designated by the Conference.

The Twenty-sixth Quadrennial General Conference will open in the Boyd Opera-house, in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, on Monday, May 2d. It will be composed of the Bishops—all of whom expect to be present—305 ministerial and 183 lay delegates, who will represent 134 Annual Conferences and missions, with a total of 15,877 itinerant ministers and 14,202 local preachers (making a grand total of 30,079 preachers), and a number of actual lay communicants aggregating at the close of the year over 2,400,000.

The Conference will review and provide for the executive supervision of all its Conference and mission work; its Sunday-school, Church Extension, Education, Freedmen's Aid, and other boards and societies; and its great and rapidly increasing publishing interests, the last-named reporting on June 30, 1891, a net capital of $2,957,231. It will review the administration of the Bishops during the last quadrennium, and will increase, if needed, the number of Bishops; it will elect all the chief executive officers of the various departments, including those of the periodical and publishing interests; it will review, and, if necessary, will modify the boundaries of its Annual Conferences and missions, and will make any changes it may deem needful in the Discipline, methods, and usages of the Church.

As this General Conference opens just at the close of the first century, dating from the first quadrennial General Conference, this fact will be likely to give additional interest to its proceedings, which will probably extend through most of the month of May.

W. H. De Puy, LL.D.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

The Rev. William F. Moulton, M.A., D.D., who comes to America as the official representative of the British Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is one of the most famous and distinguished of European scholars, as well as a prominent Wesleyan Methodist minister. He is one of a group of astonishingly gifted and successful brothers. His brother, Mr. Fletcher Moulton, is a Senior Wrangler, a Fellow of the Royal Society, one of the most eminent of Queen's Counsels, and a politician already exercising great influence in the counsels of the Liberal party. Like some other distinguished statesmen, he lost his seat for a London constituency at the last general election. But there is no doubt that he will be a prominent member of the Parliament to be elected this year. His great mathematical and scientific genius has enabled him to discuss with lucidity some of the most intricate problems of taxation and finance, and his views are always treated with marked respect by Mr. Gladstone. Another brother is Mr. Richard Green Moulton, one of the most popular of university lecturers, who has just acceded to an earnest request that he would start a literary school in the new Chicago University. Mr. Richard G. Moulton, who is already widely known in America, has a marvellous power of brilliant exposition. One of his latest achievements has been a series of lectures of striking originality and force upon the English Bible. A third brother has been for many years an eminent literary missionary in the South Seas.

Dr. Moulton is quite an Admirable Crichton. He took the gold medal for mathematics and natural philosophy in the University of London. He subsequently passed the First and Further examinations in the Hebrew of the Old Testament, the Greek of the New Testament, and the Evidences of Christianity, not only taking the first prize at both examinations, but also gaining a "mark of special distinction" never obtained before or since. Dr. Moulton is as familiar with French and German as with Latin and Greek. One of the most important of his literary works is a translation of Winer's *Treatise on the Grammar of New Testament Greek*, a translation which is in reality an original work, so numerous are the additions and improvements. Moulton's translation is the standard work in all the theological schools of our British universities, and such eminent theologians as the late Bishop Lightfoot always referred their pupils to Dr. Moulton's work. In addition to this, Dr. Moulton is an admirable musician and authority on hymns and hymnology. The great work on New Testament Greek, to which I have already referred, at once gave Dr. Moulton a European reputation, and he was among the first who were invited to join the company selected to revise the English translation of the New Testament. In the group of learned theologians he soon acquired a commanding position, and points of scholarship in dispute were constantly referred to him as a pre-eminent authority even in an assembly where all were eminent. He has been for many years engaged in preparing the marginal references for the Revised New Testament, a work of infinite detail as well as of highest importance. He is one of the committee for the revision of the translation of the Apocrypha, his original colleagues being the late Bishop Lightfoot, Dr. Westcott, and Dr. Hort. He has published a popular history of the English Bible, which has passed through several editions, a Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and also a Commentary on the Gospel of St. John, which he prepared in conjunction with Professor Milligan, of Aberdeen. In addition to his London M.A., the University of Edinburgh conferred the honorary degree of D.D. upon him in 1874, and in 1877 he received the exceedingly rare distinction of an honorary M.A. from the University of Cambridge.

Dr. Moulton comes of a thorough Methodist stock. His grandmother was the granddaughter of John Bakewell, the intimate friend of Charles and John Wesley, and one of the earliest Wesleyan preachers. John Bakewell was the author of the well-known hymn, "Hail, thou once despisèd Jesus!" Dr. Moulton's father and his grandfather were both Methodist preachers. His grandfather entered our ministry three years after Wesley's death. I might add that in addition to the link between Dr. Moulton and America now established by the appointment of his brother to a professorship at the University of Chicago, Dr. Moulton's father-in-law married a Philadelphian Quakeress, so that American blood flows in the veins of Dr. Moulton's children, both of whom have had a distinguished career at Cambridge, and the elder of the two is now his father's assistant, and probably his destined successor as head-master of the great Methodist Eton, the Leys School, which already occupies a position of great prominence and success among the public schools of England.

After having been successively a master at Wesley College and Taunton College, Dr. Moulton entered the Methodist ministry, and was at once appointed classical tutor at the Theological College at Richmond. There he remained until his transfer to the head-mastership of the Leys School. For some years past his brethren have been most anxious to elect him president, but he himself declined the honor until the school which he founded was fully established. Two years ago it became known that he was no longer opposed to the wishes of his brethren, and he was immediately placed in the chair of John Wesley. Until that time he had lived a more or less secluded life, absorbed in his great literary and scholastic undertakings, although keenly interested in all Methodist affairs, and strongly sympathetic with progress. When, however, he had once been brought out of his shell, every one discovered with surprised delight that he was as capable in the chair of a great ecclesiastical assembly and in debate as in the study and the lecture-room. Dr. Moulton is an immense addition to the liberal and progressive force of modern Methodism. His eminence as a scholar and a theologian, his unfailing courtesy, and the fact that hitherto he has not taken a very active part in the struggle for freedom and progress, have given him a position of unique influence and authority. Now that he has come to the front, he makes no secret of his sympathies, which are enthusiastically in favor of what is known as the "Forward Movement." He belongs to the new school in everything except perhaps in theology, where his sympathies are conservative. He is keenly and fearlessly alive to all the facts of modern scholarship, of science, and of the higher criticism, and will unhesitatingly accept any conclusion that is demonstrated. There is no evidence, however, that he himself has ever passed through a paroxysm of doubt, and there is nothing in his own experience that would make him specially sympathetic with those who are most alive to modern theological difficulties. On the other hand, he is a man of the most catholic and generous spirit, and is very tender-hearted.

THE REV. DR. MOULTON.
THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE HON. MURPHY JAMES FOSTER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF LOUISIANA.

With respect to all purely ecclesiastical questions he is a thorough-paced reformer, and while he would not express himself so strongly or so vehemently as some of the advocates of Methodist progress do, he is in full sympathy with their programme. It was at his suggestion that I undertook to start the *Methodist Times*. He has not always approved of everything that the *Methodist Times* has said, or of the way in which it has been said. But I am not aware that there is any point of importance on which he differs from the programme of that journal. He is an enthusiastic advocate of temperance reform and of social purity. He was one of the first to protest in public against the return of Sir Charles Dilke to public life unless he could clear his character. He also favors generally all that is now expressed by the phrase "social Christianity." He is a warm supporter of the London Mission and of similar developments of evangelism in the great provincial centres. He favors the extension of the term of itinerancy, and any modification of ecclesiastical Methodism that the necessities of a new era may require. In politics he is a Gladstonian Liberal, and is one of those stalwart citizens who have supported the principle of home-rule from the first. He is, in fact, the embodiment of all that is best, most intelligent, and most characteristic in modern Methodism. In him America will see and hear a leader and honored representative of the younger generation, in whose hands will rest the fortunes of the parent Church of Methodism at the dawn of the twentieth century.

THE REDEMPTION OF LOUISIANA.

Some of the Southern States have had hard and trying times since the close of the great war that settled the questions of secession and human slavery. None of them, however, has passed through so many grievous and trying experiences as Louisiana. While an ignorant and debauched Legislature had charge of the law-making branch of the State government, a charter was given to one of the most corrupt and corrupting companies that ever existed in America. This was the Louisiana Lottery, the charter of which is about to expire. Millions of money have been made by the managers of this lottery, and very naturally they wished to get a renewed lease of corporate life. In despite of State laws against lotteries, and Federal laws and decisions framed and pronounced against this particular lottery, it has continued to flourish and prosper. When the time for the expiration of the charter approached, the lottery company endeavored to get possession of the State Legislature and Executive, so that in that State, at least, it might have a legal existence. An annual sum was offered to the State almost sufficient to make State taxes unnecessary. This was a colossal bribe, but the offer has been rejected by a majority of the voters.

First the lottery managers attempted to get charge of the Democratic party. In this they came so near succeeding that the good Democrats of Louisiana appealed to the country at large to help them in the fight against their corrupt and formidable opponents. The Convention to nominate a candidate for Governor was not satisfactory, so it was decided that the Democrats in the State should cast a popular vote, and thus declare their choice as between the lottery and anti-lottery candidates for Governor. It was arranged that these votes should be counted and canvassed by a commission consisting of three members from each faction and a seventh member chosen by these six. The election was held, and the vote was close. On the face of the returns the lottery candidate had been nominated, but in canvassing the votes the commission threw out several parishes in New Orleans where there had been manifest frauds. The vote of the commission stood four to three, the neutral member voting with the anti-lottery commissioners. But the lotterymen persisted, and kept in nomination the lottery candidate, Judge McEnery. The Democratic anti-lottery candidate was Mr. Murphy J. Foster, who has just been elected.

Not satisfied with dividing the Democratic party, the lottery managers tried similar tactics on the Republicans, and succeeded only too well, as there were two tickets, both called Republican, in the field. This was with a view of having enough candidates to please all, and thus prevent any other than Democrats from voting with one or the other faction of that party. Besides these four tickets, there was a People's party standard-bearer in Mr. R. L. Tannerhill. The two Republican candidates were A. H. Leonard, who is said to have been of lottery proclivities, and J. E. Breaux, who, in contradistinction, was called an anti-lottery man.

Never has an election in that State been fought with such fierceness. The self-respecting men who cherished the good name of the State were all for Mr. Foster; and though there was unlimited money used to defeat him, and the vicious and adventuresome classes opposed him as one man, he has been elected by 32,000 plurality. Mr. Foster has long been a conservative leader in Louisiana politics, and the representative of St. Mary's Parish in the State Senate. He has the confidence of the men who have labored to free the State from the disgrace of the lottery, and the good wishes of all right-thinking men in the country. The action of the Federal Congress and the decisions of the Federal courts had, while the election was pending, made the business of the lottery company hazardous; but now, in a little while, under a new régime in Louisiana, it must inevitably pass out of existence.

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THE MULBERRY BEND.

An ingenious gentleman once proposed that in a national industrial exhibition all the natural products, resources, and manufactures of each State be placed in spaces corresponding to the geographical position and shape of each State, so that a visitor in passing through the exhibition would be travelling to a certain extent from one part of the country to another—that is, the visitor would naturally go from New York to New Jersey, and then to Pennsylvania and Delaware, and so on. This would have been most interesting could it have been carried out, but there were practical difficulties that prevented the plan from being feasible. And so it would have been most interesting if that foreign quarter of New York city in the neighborhood of Chatham Square and on each side of the Bowery could have been laid out as on a map, and visitors to it could have made in miniature the grand tour of Europe, with an excursion or so into Asia and Africa. But such a plan was not in the least possible, for the very good reason that that part of the city was built up long before there was any distinctive foreign quarter, and the various alien races have settled in streets and blocks rather by chance than by any premeditated design. Where the Polish and Russian Jews now have ram-shackle quarters, where the pigtailed Chinamen congregate, and the dark-browed Italians gather, was two generations ago one of the most respectable residential and business quarters of the growing town. The descendants of the respectable folk who had quiet homes there forty years ago have gone further up town for both business locations and home sites; and now few there be in this once American neighborhood who even speak English, if we except the policemen who are on duty in it. And it is a nice question as to whether or not many of these guardians of the law and conservers of the peace themselves speak English. But they do other things more to the purpose. They swing their clubs with effective vigor, and preserve among a slouching multitude a dignified and military demeanor, which makes even the most ignorant of these Old World outcasts understand that though this is the land of the free, even freedom has its restrictions.

Various narrow and dirty streets, given up wholly to alien races; radiate from Chatham Square. Of the Bowery every one knows; and of Mott Street, too, in which is the Chinese joss-house, and many tenements filled to overflowing with these Orientals, much has been written. When I went with Mr. Rogers to make the sketches for the Mulberry Bend pictures printed in this paper, we passed over Chatham Square and through Mott Street to Park Street, down the steep grade of which we went towards Paradise Park. Before we could arrive at that centre of misery and ruffianism we reached our destination, and there was Mulberry Street, with the famous "bend" only half a block to the north. Chinese civilization is, of course, stranger to us than Italian civilization, but in these streets—one called Chinatown and the other Little Italy in popular language—Mulberry with its crowds of shrilly talking and nervously gesticulating Italians seemed really more foreign than Mott; for your Chinaman is a reposeful person, whether he be "hitting the pipe" or taking the noonday sun. This quiet demureness seemed to make him more at home, and there is little shock experienced in looking at him in the street dedicated to him, for there he looks no whit different from what we are accustomed to see in the dingy laundry establishments he maintains all over the land. The only change is that in Mott Street there is more of him. We are, of course, accustomed to seeing Italians wherever we go, for the number that has come to the United States in the last ten years is prodigious. As we see them in groups just landed from an emigrant ship and toiling painfully along under heavy burdens to some temporary haven of rest, they only seem sad and pathetic. And as we see them working on railroads with silent energy of purpose, they almost inspire feelings of respect.

But in Mulberry Bend the picture is different. All that there is in this alien land of the blue skies and sunny clime they have left for a while they find in this Little Italy. The tired traveller just from across the sea, the railroad workman with joints stiffened by his incessant work, the fruit-peddlers, the organ-grinders, and the bootblacks meet and mingle, exchange gossip, renew friendships and enmities, quarrel and fight, and, in a word, for a little while they are at home again. This narrow, badly smelling, and crooked street is for them, for the moment, the Rialto, the sloping hills of Tuscany, the Sicilian plains. And therefore there is life, intense life, in Mulberry Bend, and it is foreign in every regard one chooses to look at it. It is picturesque, too, in its way, and there is movement, but it is a sad spectacle for American eyes. The filth of the tenement-houses in which these people are lodged is always a menace to the public health; and the presence of hordes of men, who are mere sojourners in this country, and with only one ambition, to gratify which they are willing to perform undue tasks for insufficient wages, is a constant debasement of labor. This one ambition of these men is to acquire a small competence, and go back to Italy, and live out the rest of their days in idleness. To accomplish this no sacrifice is too great, no toil too irksome. Industry is commendable, and thrift is to be admired; but when a man is willing to work so hard that he injures his health, or when his thrift prevents him from properly housing or sufficiently feeding himself, then neither should be encouraged. And these are the things that the recent Italian immigrants have done. The effect is that ordinary labor is looked upon in many parts of this country in the same way that it was regarded during the old days in the South—unworthy of white men and citizens.

In this street the gangs of men who are sent to one part of the country and another to work on this railroad and that are made up. Here the padrones, who bring out from Italy young boys and young men, and hold them in bondage for a certain period, have their headquarters. Here, too, are the Italian bankers, who do a thriving business in taking care of, and sometimes, alas! in making away with, the savings of the hard-working people who are laying by their wages so that they may get back home. Here are purchased those flimsy black hand-bags which go along with every Italian seen away from New York in search of his fortune. Here are the organs rented to the wanderers who grind out such doleful music in the streets all summer long. Here, too, are matrimonial alliances arranged for and contracted. There are not enough young Italian women to go around even among the men who would wed, and therefore a comely lass is in great demand. She is a small fortune to her parents; for, on account of her scarcity, the usual order of things has been reversed in the Mulberry Bend, and instead of the parents providing a dowry for their daughter, they stipulate that the bridegroom shall pay roundly for the blessing that he seeks. Indeed, there has a regular commercial traffic grown up to supply this demand for wives. The padrones, who now and again go to Italy for boys and young men, also frequently bring out young women. These are disposed of at prices that pay the passage money and a good profit on the venture. Such is Little Italy and the Mulberry Bend.

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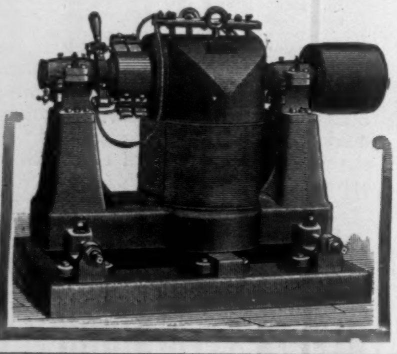
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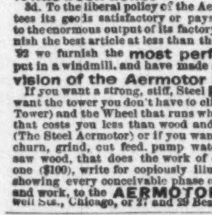
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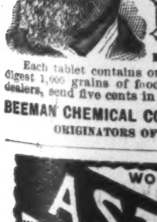

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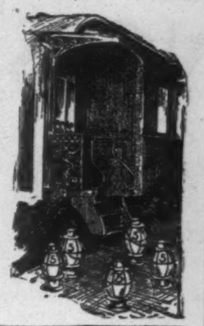

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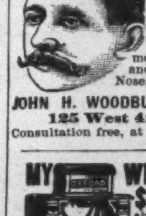

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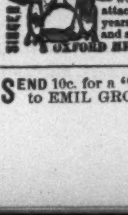

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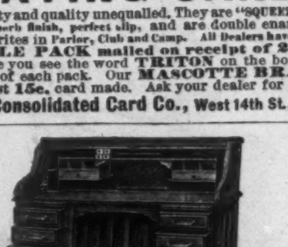

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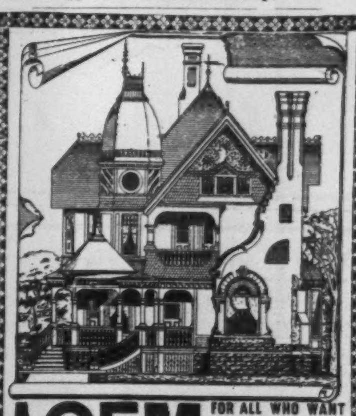

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